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On Christmas Day in the Morning.

(See Illustration.)

Two little maidens, Nelly and Sue,
With the aid of their dear sister Prue,
Sang a carol one Christmas morning;
And this is the song those girls did sing
While "all the bells on earth did ring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

This is the ever-sacred morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
Then let us in glad homage raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise.
Poor is our best attempt, we know,
But He doth judge the heart, and so—
If we but strive to do aright,
And be well-pleasing in His sight—
Our song may be as sweet to Him
As that of quiring Cherubim.

With Christ for pattern, let us pray
For all mankind on this best day—
For Christian people, and as well
For all who on this earth do dwell:
For His sweet grace is unconfin'd,
And wooing as the soft south wind;
More bounteous than the summer rain,
Fast ripening flower and fruit and grain;
More largely liberal than the sun,
That sheds its beams on every one.
Nor, while we pray for others, let
Us our poor feeble selves forget,
But beg of God's all-loving care
A larger, deeper, tenderer share.

No costly gifts or odours sweet,
Have we to lay at Jesus' feet;
Only the simple offering
Of children's humble praise we bring.
What, though we are not great or wise,
A loving heart He most doth prize:
So as we grow in years may we
More tender and more gracious be,
And thus make daily life divine
As worship at a sacred shrine;
Each household duty's least event
Made holy as a sacrament.
O let us ever children be
In innocent simplicity;
Though steadfast in our purpose, still
In all things bending to His will;
With prompt obedience acquiescing
In chastisement as well as blessing.

Thus ever striving for the good,
And taking it as daily food,
Ourselves with Christian grace adorning,
We may His praise the better sing,
While "all the bells on earth do ring
On Christmas Day in the morning."
JOHN LATEY.

ENIGMA.

In Eden's Garden I was known;
And even now, fond lovers own
That, when by aid of me they meet,
They find a Paradise as sweet.
Viewed this way, that way, I'm the same:
Now give me, if you please, a name.

REBUS.

Many a lady you may know
Feebly faltering through me go,
While another seizes me
With a sweet audacity;
Like Diana in the chase,
Nothing checks her splendid pace,
As she throws her very soul,
Quite ecstatic, in my whole.
Take my head away and you
One of Nature's darlings view.
Bird or beast I do not tell,
That is left for you to spell.
Running quietly along,
Humming to myself a song,
All unwearied, day and night,
I maintain my wayward flight.
Many a dainty spot I know,
Where the sweetest violets grow,
Coaxing me in vain to stay
For a short-lived holiday;
Still my heedless course pursuing,
Though it be to my undoing.
Soon or late, 'tis Nature's law,
I shall feed the greedy maw
Of some monster, my own kin,
Thirsting much to suck me in;
Some big brother lies in wait
Me to swallow, sure as fate—
Who himself will swallowed be
By a greater one than he.
One more member severed, I
Surely am about to die;
Certain 'tis that I am ill.
Ha! there's spirit in me still!
Lop another limb away
And I'm debonair straightway;
Cause of rollicking delight,
Topsy-turvy day and night;
Running, lightning-like, through veins,
Cheering hearts and firing brains.
But I must confess, in brief,
Candidly, that I'm a thief;
From the victims I ensnare
Stealing what they ill can spare.
Double in my present trouble,
I make other folk see double;
Doubling up the strongest wight
Who well measures not my might.
Dublin town owns me with pride
Lords-Lieutenant take my side;
Nor alone in Dublin known,
Through the world my fame is blown.
With a brand, so men aver,
Potent as Excalibur,
I am still a jolly fellow,
Making all men blithely mellow.
Medley thus of contradiction,
What am I—a fact or fiction?—J. L.

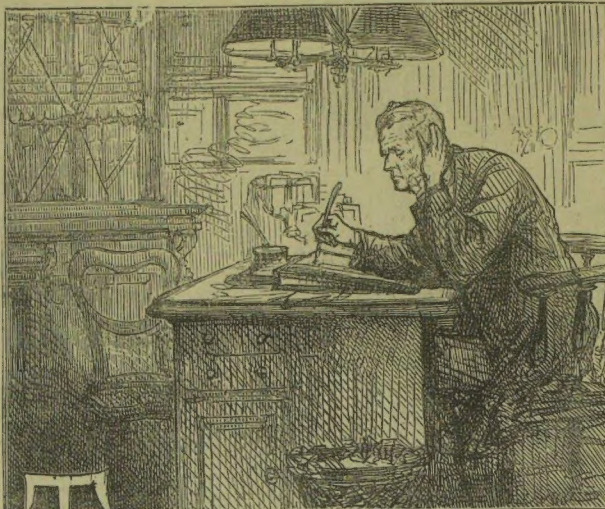
MICHAEL GARGRAVE'S HARVEST.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "CITY AND SUBURB," "GEORGE GEITH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CORN IN THE GROUND.



THE north of Eldon and to the east of Wilson streets, in the Finsbury district, there is a small square, only to be approached by way of Long-alley. It is an unpretentious little square, hemmed in on all sides by high walls and great warehouses, with a look of age about it, nevertheless, calculated to mislead the curious passer-by—with wonderfully elaborate doorways; with halls wainscotted, if narrow; with red-tiled roofs, and a general aspect of decayed respectability that might well induce anyone unacquainted with the antecedents of the neighbourhood in which it is situated to commence moralising concerning the mutability of fortune in the matter of houses as well as men.

In the whole of the city of London there is probably not a less interesting locality than this. First a lake, then a swamp, then a plague-pit, then a stretch of open fields, the resort of gamblers, gymnasts, quacks, mountebanks, and itinerant preachers, then the site of a dreadful mad-house; lastly, a great railway terminus, surrounded by appropriate goods-yards and goods-stores; all that now thickly built-over tract lying between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, and Worship-street and Liverpool-street, is in any historical or antiquarian sense as far from interesting as a neighbourhood can well be.

And yet just as an accident can happen in any locality, as history can be made in any spot, so men and women can face their troubles anywhere, as badly or as bravely as the case may be, in a City lane as in a fashionable terrace overlooking Hyde Park.

The man whose story I have to tell was, on a certain winter's evening towards the close of eighteen hundred and sixty two, all alone in his office in Queen-square fighting out a battle with himself.

He did not reside in the City, using one of the old houses in the square off Long-alley for stores and offices, and living where his works were situated, near Hackney Marshes, on the river Lea.

Too obscure at every stage of its existence to be deemed deserving of being designated by name on any map, Queen-square was even in those days considered so little desirable from a business, as well as a social, point of view that rents ruled very low, and its houses could be had for an "old song."

Now-a-days, premises there might, judging from appearances, be hired upon even easier terms, for the whole square is in a transition state. It is waiting, evidently waiting for what may happen. It does not mend its windows, or clean its paint, or repair its pavements, or scrub its stairs, or wash its window ledges, or whiten its doorsteps.

With a very dirty face, it stands staring at the goods-station of the North-Western Railway—daily expecting the bill-stickers to come round and paste posters all over its house-fronts as a preliminary to the bricklayers and labourers who will follow in due time, making no long tarrying when their turn arrives, and cart the whole square off as old building materials that will all be worked up again in the erection of shoddy houses in remote suburbs.

The auctioneer is advancing rapidly down Long-alley—he has reached some contemporaries of Queen-square, gutted them of their contents, stripped an end off one and part a front off another, and put up a big board, stating that this eligible plot of building land is for sale.

Higher up—nearer Sun-street, or what was Sun-street, but is now partly a railway and partly a dismantled thoroughfare—he has sold many plots of land, many lots of building material, and erected a bran new church, to say nothing of minor edifices.

The tide of destruction must shortly engulf Queen-square, and before this time next year its site will be covered by a block of warehouses, or a Board School, or perhaps by another railway station. The place which has known it will know it no more—dingy bricks, red-tiled roofs, twisted chimneys, small-paned windows, ornamented doorways; all these things will disappear, and in their stead will rise colossal buildings that have business stamped upon them from basement to roof.

When Mr. Gargrave had his offices at number three, however, Queen-square wore a different aspect. It was then a cosy, sleepy, out-of-the-way nook, not very far from the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, and other places of the same sort which serve as useful landmarks to those who go down into the deep waters of London business, but quiet and secluded as a remote corner of Epping Forest. Not a vehicle could disturb its repose; there was no carriage-way to it either for lumbering waggon or Lord Mayor's coach. In Long-alley, as in most other retired spots in the busy City, children held high carnival when the evenings drew out, and the summer days were long and favourable to the sports affected by juveniles of that period; but in most seasons of the year, and at most hours of the day, Queen-square was deadly quiet—silent and lonely as a forgotten graveyard.

No Broad-street station then close at hand, no North-Western yard bounding the eastern side of Long-alley. Passengers from the Shoreditch terminus then took their dreary way westward through Worship-street, one end of which was formerly known by the appropriate name of Hog-lane.

Even in those days the houses in Queen-square were growing dingy. For many years time had been artistically tinting

them with layers of dirt, and no restorer in the person of an energetic landlord had thought it worth while to smarten them up with paint and varnish, whitewash and fresh papers. There was a respectable grime about the appearance of the square which conferred upon it a look of old-fashioned stability, and argued either that the tenants were of old standing, and not particular concerning light and cleanliness, or that they were new, and for reasons of their own not disposed to be exigent.

The business pace was not so fast then as it has since become, and a trader at that time did not need periodically to turn himself and his goods out of doors, rebuild his premises, and sacrifice his stock every few years.

Other times, other manners. The manners of these times are no doubt very desirable, but they were not such as would have found much favour in the sight of staid commercial men at the time when Michael Gargrave was striving to win his way upwards to pecuniary success.

Never a quieter or less risky business than that he was engaged in. Never a more careful plodder along legitimate and beaten highways than he.

For years he had pursued one steady and monotonous course, working hard himself and insisting that those he employed should do the same, paying his way honestly, keeping his books fairly, opening accounts cautiously, making few bad debts, and selling his goods at such prices as left a sufficient margin of profit to cover all reasonable and likely contingencies. Upon the whole, not an unsafe basis upon which to build a secure and profitable trade; and, had Mr. Gargrave only remained steadily true to his own convictions, he need not, on the evening when I venture to take my readers to Queen-square, have remained so late at office, perplexed with doubts and assailed by a subtle temptation.

Some months previously he had been tempted by a firm in Liverpool to adventure upon the consignment of a large amount of goods to the foreign correspondents of the firm in question. A certain portion of the risk was taken by the house in Liverpool, who agreed to pay the sum agreed on "six months after date;" while the profits of the speculation—to call the transaction by its proper name—were to be equally divided between Mr. Gargrave and Messrs. Brent and Stanhope.

On the face of it, an arrangement which seemed prudent and feasible enough; but there were two, if not three, weak points in the affair—one, that the sum involved was larger than a man in Michael Gargrave's position should have considered himself justified in running the slightest risk of losing; the second, that the goods jeopardised had nothing to do with his regular business, were quite outside his ordinary trade, and were consequently invoiced to him not in the regular way of commerce—that is to say, not sold by constant supplier to constant customer, but procured upon the strength of an established credit, and the fact that the house from which he bought believed him to be possessed not merely of a good business, but of sufficient means to meet all his liabilities.

If there were any other objection to be put into the scales when carefully weighing the prudence of the transaction it was this—that, under the most favourable circumstances, six months was too long a time for a person in his position to lie out of money which he himself was bound to provide. It made the certainty of his own payment fall too close upon the uncertainty of another payment.

In plainer words, it was, to use a business expression, "too close a shave;" for, though it sometimes happens that out of such encounters a man may escape by the "skin of his teeth," still, it is difficult to pass through such an ordeal without endangering many things which should be held very sacred, being jewels beyond price.

But the inducements held out had been very great, and Michael Gargrave was only human. He believed he could meet his engagements without difficulty, and he also believed he saw his way to a very large profit. He knew others had made considerable amounts by engaging in similar transactions. His venture had been approved by the London representative of the country manufacturers from whom he purchased the goods. The Liverpool house was of old standing, and all the persons of whom he had made inquiry spoke highly of the personal probity and commercial standing of Messrs. Brent and Stanhope.

Given that a risk was to be run at all, he seemed to have neglected no reasonable precaution to secure that it should be as small as possible, and yet here was the result—the natural result, as any dispassionate outsider, or Job-comforting friend, would have been sure to remark—the money was lost, and the goods were lost too.

Whosoever else might have made anything out of the transaction, he had not, and he knew that now he never should.

There was not the smallest uncertainty about the matter. He could take out his books, if he felt so inclined, and write "bad" against Messrs. Brent and Stanhope's account with a feeling of the most perfect conviction.

Confirmation of the disaster had reached him a couple of hours previously, and he understood thoroughly that since he left home in the morning his position was quite changed, and that altogether for the worse.

Quite enough to perplex a man and cause him to regard the future with dread and doubt; quite enough to account for books pushed on one side, and letters lying unanswered, though regular post time was long past and gone; for the frown on his forehead, and the depths of thought into which he seemed to have plunged. And yet the mental battle he was fighting had nothing at first sight to do with his loss, or Messrs. Brent and Stanhope, or his future; and as he kept stabbing his blotting paper all over with the point of his steel pen, he was no more arguing out the pros and cons of the way he had been swindled than he was conscious of his visible employment.

He had sat exactly in the same position for an hour, doing exactly the same thing, haunted by precisely the same words.

"Remember the corn in the ground." "Think of the corn in the earth."

With a dull persistency these two sentences, having taken possession of his memory, wandered through his brain; he could not get rid of them; no matter of what else he tried to think, his thoughts kept chiming to that refrain.

It was quite by chance, or what seemed chance, that he had heard the words at all. At the time they produced no apparent impression upon his mind. He had gone and come, he had slept and waked, he had eaten and drunk, he had worked and rested; the days and the nights had passed, and the sentences had seemingly lain dormant, like the seed of which they spoke, and yet in a moment they had sprung into active life, and were clamouring to be heard with an urgency that brooked no refusal.

For an hour he had been listening to their voice, trying at times to get rid of the sound, striving at others to elude the self-evident meaning of the principle involved; but it would not do.

All in vain he endeavoured to shut his ears to the ever-recurring warning.

It was a faithful finger-post, cautioning him against following an evil path, though that way looked fair and easy, and the other seemed dark and beset with difficulties.

It was the choice given to Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress over again; and Michael Gargrave knew this.

He was not a man of brilliant parts or of wide education; he had never been to college and not very long at school; but the things it is most essential to know may be patent to the meanest understanding without an accurate acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew, and the capacity of a child can grasp the truth that he who sows tares must not expect to garner grain.

"Remember the corn in the ground." Not precisely in the sense Michael Gargrave applied it had these words been used by the preacher who spoke them, but they were so relevant to the position in which he found himself that he felt constrained to take the sentence for a text and construct a sermon out of them.

"That which a man sows he shall surely reap."

Yes, and he knew the statement applied to each man as well as to all men. No exception in this case was needed to prove the rule, though everyone undoubtedly seemed to think so.

If he scattered evil he should ensure for himself and others a plentiful harvest of ill. Yes, that was the short and the long of the matter, if he believed the testimony of those who had so sown and so reaped. And he was forced to believe it. In the silence by which he sat surrounded as by some palpable presence, the "whisper in his ear" sounded distinct as if enunciated by the clearest voice.

Yet it was hard to pay heed, if paying heed meant relinquishing his own desires. Many a man, he thought, would regard such hesitancy folly—such a renunciation as he vaguely contemplated, an act of insanity.

"Come in the very nick of time." "It seemed perfectly providential." "I could not have weathered the storm without it." "It was a most lucky chance that the letter happened to arrive on the very day." These, he felt, ought to have been some of the sentences he looked forward to uttering when he had got safely to the end of what threatened to be a perilous journey; but he could not imagine his saying them. No! Such words other men had spoken and would speak again, but he might not do it.

Not for him such sowing, even though Fortune herself seemed to have been at the trouble of bringing him the seed.

He did not see that it would be totally wrong, but he could not convince himself that it would be perfectly right.

If he put the gift from him, it almost amounted to signing the death-warrant of his own commercial existence. Such a chance might never occur again. Just when one door—as represented by Messrs. Brent and Stanhope—was banged in his face, another insidiously opened.

Was he justified in thrusting such an opportunity aside? Was it not his duty even, in the interests of another person, to accept without question, and use without hesitation, the goods the gods had sent him?

Faster and faster went the pen, stabbing deeper and deeper into the paper; then, suddenly pushing his chair back from the table, he rose, and, with hands thrust deep in his pockets, began to pace the room with slow and measured steps.

"Take the money while you have the chance; you did a profitable and safe trade so long as you stuck to your own business; and there cannot be the slightest shadow of risk in the matter."

So the devil, tempting him, urged, and plausibly.

"If you are foolish enough to let this opportunity slip you will be ruined, nothing can save you," continued this voice, egging him on.

"Do not come to any decision to-night, at any rate," it added, in order, by protracting the struggle, to weaken his judgment and allow fresh reasons for accepting the boon to develop. "To-morrow will be quite time enough for you to make up your mind."

"You cannot run the risk of losing the results of years of labour, of leaving your home, and of begging Mr. Holding's daughter. He trusted her future to you—remember that."

"If it had not been intended that you should take advantage of such an opportunity it would never have been thrust in your way."

"Recollect, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men;' and if you do not float off the rocks while this tide is flowing you will certainly go to pieces."

And the other voice said nothing all the while, save

"Remember the corn in the ground."

And he did remember.

Through frost and snow, through the dark days of December and the long nights of winter, the seed he sowed would live and bear fruit after its kind in all the summers and autumns to come.

No; he would not do evil that good might ensue; he would not purchase safety at such a price.

The corn he planted he should not dread to see sprout.

Other sirens besides those who dwell on the silver sands and sing their songs by the margins of rivers there are who lure men to destruction. Temptation can assume a thousand forms, and appear in as many disguises; but as regarded this seduction Michael Gargrave, now clearly understanding its nature, was not to be drawn into yielding to it.

"No," he said, finally drawing a long breath, like one who after encountering some great danger realises at last that he has escaped it. "However it may go with me, I will not save myself by putting her little all in jeopardy," and, without any further hesitation, he resumed his seat at the table, opened a drawer, took out one sheet of note-paper and one envelope, and was about to lay both on his blotting-pad when he noticed the stabs in it, which bore evidence to the length and intensity of the late fray.

With an impatient gesture—the gesture of one who, in the habit of keeping himself well in hand, is disgusted to find he has unconsciously broken bounds—he cut off the sheets so maltreated, and, tearing them into small pieces, threw them into the waste-paper basket.

Then, taking a pen, he directed the envelope to

Mrs. Brockley,
The Myrtles,
Eastlea,
Southshire;

but paused for a minute ere beginning to write.

As a rule, hesitancy concerning what he should say was not a failing of Mr. Gargrave; but he had been hesitating all the evening over the very question involved in his letter, and it seemed natural that the words conveying a refusal, which to him meant so much, should scarcely flow glibly from his pen.

To his right lay a yellow envelope, to his left a pink, and, perhaps to stimulate his faculties, he opened the former and read once again the few lines traced on the paper it contained.

If brevity be the soul of wit, that telegram could only be regarded as a highly humorous composition. This was how it ran:—

From Penkey, } to { Mr. Gargrave,
Liverpool, } 3, Queen-square, London.
Brent bolted—Stanhope in goal.

The note which next he drew out of the pink envelope was longer, but quite as much to the point.

It was written in a crabbed hand, that of a person evidently unaccustomed to much correspondence; but the meaning intended to be conveyed appeared clearly enough.

The lady addressed her correspondent as Honoured Sir, and took the liberty "of informing him that a mortgage on certain lands (which she mentioned) having been that day paid off in a cheque drawn upon a London bank, she trusted he would excuse her freedom in asking him to get it cashed for her."

"Knowing, also, how very clever he was in all business matters, she would feel more obliged than she could express if he would 'put the money out' for her at good interest. It is a small sum certainly," added the good lady, "but perhaps even in your own business you could turn it over, so as to make more of it for me. Whatever you do with it will satisfy me, for in your hands I know it must be safer than in any bank."

"Begging pardon for taking up your time reading about my affairs,

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ANN JANE BROCKLEY."

Mr. Gargrave, with a smile flitting over his face, read this epistle to the end, and then answered it thus:—

"Dear Mrs. Brockley,—

"Your note inclosing Mr. Merrilow's cheque has arrived safely. I will pass it through my account to-morrow; and, as Consols are now low, invest the amount for you in Government stock."

"I cannot advise you to run any risk with your money. High interest means, as a rule, bad security; and it is better for you to rest content with a smaller percentage than to peril your means of subsistence. Should I hear of any good mortgage or desirable investment, I will not fail to let you know; and, assuring you that my services are always at your command, I remain, yours faithfully,

"MICHAEL GARGRAVE."

He did not re-read or copy this letter, but placed it in the envelope he had previously directed, sealed, and stamped, and put it in the pocket of his top-coat.

Then, only waiting to lock up his drawers, he took his hat, turned out the gas, and, making his way down stairs, opened the hall-door and passed into the night.

CHAPTER II.

LUCY.

Following the crow's flight as nearly as he could, Mr. Gargrave, after over an hour's walk, found himself crossing the wide stretch of marsh land which was the nearest way to his home.

It had been a tolerably dry season, and the waters of that well-watered region were consequently content to keep to their natural channels, and leave the marshes, or mashes, as the adjacent population preferred to call them, available for foot passengers.

Those marshes are lonely enough now after dark, but they were far lonelier then; Wick Hall was still standing, and not one of the streets that have since been built over its site were thought of.

After leaving Bethnal-green he scarcely met a dozen persons, and all of those he encountered before reaching Hackney-wick.

Once Wick Hall was behind him he seemed to plunge into a region of utter solitude. It was a clear, cold night, with stars shining above, and a sharp breeze blowing over the marshes, and as Mr. Gargrave stood still for a minute, about half-way along Temple Mill-lane, the silence and the loneliness of the place struck him with a sense of desolation he had never before experienced. Whence he had come were the lights of London, the teeming streets, the crowded houses, the ceaseless noise, the never-ending stream of restless human life; and now where he stood there was not a trace of any living being but himself.

Away in the distance, the trees in Epping Forest loomed black against the sky, through the Lea Valley a train hasted off northward; down towards Stratford the signals on the railway showed lurid and ever-changing lights; while in the other direction—out towards Lea Bridge, and Homerton, and Lower Clapton, and Leyton, there was perfect stillness, and almost total darkness.

Here and there, far off, a lamp glimmered fitfully, but other evidence of habitation there was none.

The wind whistled about the marshes, bringing with it a fresh keen air from the flat wide Essex lands, and as it blew around him, something in its eerie sound, or in the wide expanse of desolate country in the midst of which he stood, or in the sad look of sky and earth, or in the mournful murmur of the water, flowing sullenly in divided channels on its course, struck Mr. Gargrave with a sudden sense of personal loneliness, of being uncared for, unloved, which was bitter exceedingly.

It was strange he had never, through all the struggling years of his London career, known the same feeling before; but it came upon him now with rushing force—with overpowering conviction.

What he could do, what he could give, what he could bring, what he could withhold, might and did signify much to many persons; but for dear love's sake no one cared about him—not a single creature in all the world.

Unless, indeed, it might be Mrs. Dodson. But no; he could not except even Mrs. Dodson.

"In her heart she is really and truly fond of nothing except that greedy little beast Tommy," he decided, irritably; and, as anger is always a certain corrective of sentiment, Mr. Gargrave, waxing hot as the memory of all Tommy's sins of commission and omission recurred to him, walked forward, considering that, after all, it signified very little whether anyone cared for him or not.

"As matters look now," he mused, "it is far better no one should be waiting for me at home whose heart would ache for this trouble that has come upon me. If I had a wife now, and children, my case would be very hard indeed; but, situated as I am"—

Then he paused in his mental sentence, for, situated even as he was, with neither chick nor child, nor wife nor brother, the position was very serious—so serious that he could not, with all his courage, and he had plenty, put the thought of it lightly aside.

The place where he lived has long been pulled down; but once upon a time it was a pretty spot and picturesque, situated on the Essex side of the Lea, there (by reason of the water taken from it by Hackney Cut) quite a modest stream, at the bottom of a country lane, wild and rural, with great thorn-trees, that in the pleasant May-time were white with blossoms and scented the air far and near; with deep ditches, the banks of which were covered by grasses and mosses, and sweet wild-flowers.

A pretty place, in very truth. As I write of it London and its houses, and its streets and its noise, and its endless, endless tramp of human feet, and roll of carriages and rumble of

carts, fades away and the country stretches all around. I see the elder-trees a mass of leaf and flower, and the turkeys roosting in them. I look at the laburnums drooping over the water; there is a perfume of lilac in the air, and where the long grass grows beside the bank a fish rises at intervals. There is a modest cottage, with its gable-end towards the Lea, and a fair garden in the front, small and well kept, filled with flowers, among which bees, who have their straw-thatched houses in a well sheltered corner, go humming all the long summer day.

No lack of life about the tiny house; see how the pigeons strut to and fro along the red-tiled barns and take long flights over the wide marshes beyond; the hens are prating in the yard, which has one gate opening into the lane and another giving on a field running up the slight ascent and sloping to the west, so that the last rays of the evening sun fall upon it.

Behind the house, and not far from it, is a great barn, converted into a factory by the late owner, a Mr. Holding. Upon the trade carried on there two men in succession built their hopes of competence. Mr. Holding, one of those men, had built more than this, for he expected to make his fortune under the high pitched roof.

So far as he was concerned, however, death had stepped in and frustrated that design; and now the collapse of Messrs. Brent and Stanhope seemed likely to disappoint the anticipations of his successor.

It was of these things Mr. Gargrave thought drearily as he crossed the wooden foot-bridge spanning the Lea, and passed the White Hart, and so made his way to the little by-road which led to his house.

He had grown very fond of the house. Since it became his own he had devoted every minute of his leisure time to beautifying it. Originally but an humble cottage, he had so changed its aspect that not a person who passed failed to remark its beauty. The rustic palings were his own handiwork. He had put up the trellises against the walls, on which roses, and jessamine, and clematis, and honeysuckle clustered. His hands scattered the grass-seeds over the tiny lawn close beside the river. There was scarcely a tree, or bush, or shrub about the place with which he had not some association of labour and pleasure. All seasons had been cheerful to him there. Not an inch of the country round about but was familiar to him; the field paths, so cool and free from dust; the foot-tracks beneath the forest trees; the glades where the holly and the bracken, and the blackberries and the gorse grew together in wild entanglement; the green banks of the Lea; the old mansions standing secluded, and not to be found by ordinary pedestrians,—these things, simple and poor though each might be if taken singly, made up a whole of familiarity, association, and memory which twined round the man's heart and bound it to his home with cords of love.

And it was quite upon the cards that he should lose the place he had laboured to secure. All his humble prosperity seemed to him, as he walked home that night, a thing of the past.

He was weary; and when a man is tired he is generally prone to be desponding. He was faint for want of food, for he had eaten nothing since breakfast. He was exhausted, for the excitement which had hitherto sustained him was all but passed away. He was lonely, for he had no one with whom to share his trouble. He had owned nothing but that pretty cottage and that snug business, and now both were in jeopardy. He could have saved them, but he would not—not at that price.

Stratford church clock was striking eleven as he lifted the latch of the outer gate and walked up the short path leading to the hall-door.

He was about to put his key in the lock, when the door opened, and a girl holding a light in her hand exclaimed,

"Oh! I am so glad you have come! I heard the clink of the gate. Are not you very cold? I have kept up a good fire."

"Thank you, Lucy!" he answered, as he spoke taking off his hat and coat, and then passing straight into the parlour. "What a glorious fire!" he added; and he went up to the hearth and stood rubbing and warming his hands before the blazing logs, while the girl changed the position of the covers laid for his supper and drew a chair nearer to the heat.

"Do not trouble yourself," he said, at last, turning round and noticing what she was doing. "I am not really cold—not cold through. It would be strange if I were, for I have walked from the City."

"Walked!" she repeated. "How tired you must be!"

And she touched an easy-chair, as if inviting him to rest in it.

"No; I do not think I am," he answered. "Where is my sister?"

"She had a bad headache, and went to bed quite early."

"Poor Matilda!" he ejaculated, with a sigh, which had probably more reference to future possibilities than to present ailments.

"She so often has bad headaches," remarked the girl, with some trace of wonder in her tone, for expressions of sympathy were not much in Mr. Gargrave's line.

"Yes," he answered, mechanically; and, dropping into the arm-chair, relapsed into reverie.

"Are you ready for supper now?" asked the girl. "Shall I draw you some ale?"

He roused himself at her question, and recalled his wandering thoughts.

"I do not require any supper, thank you," he said. "But why are you attending to these things? Where is Mrs. Dodson? Has she gone to bed with a headache also?"

The girl laughed, low and pleasantly.

"Oh, no!" she said; "but she thought Tommy was a little feverish, and that he would not rest till she went up stairs."

"—Tommy!" Mr. Gargrave exclaimed, viciously. It was not his habit to use naughty words, and his behaviour so surprised Miss Holding that she said, shocked,

"Oh! Guardian!" with a sort of gasp on the oh! as if she had been plunged suddenly into cold water.

"I beg your pardon, Lucy," apologised Mr. Gargrave; "but I have no Christian feeling towards that boy."

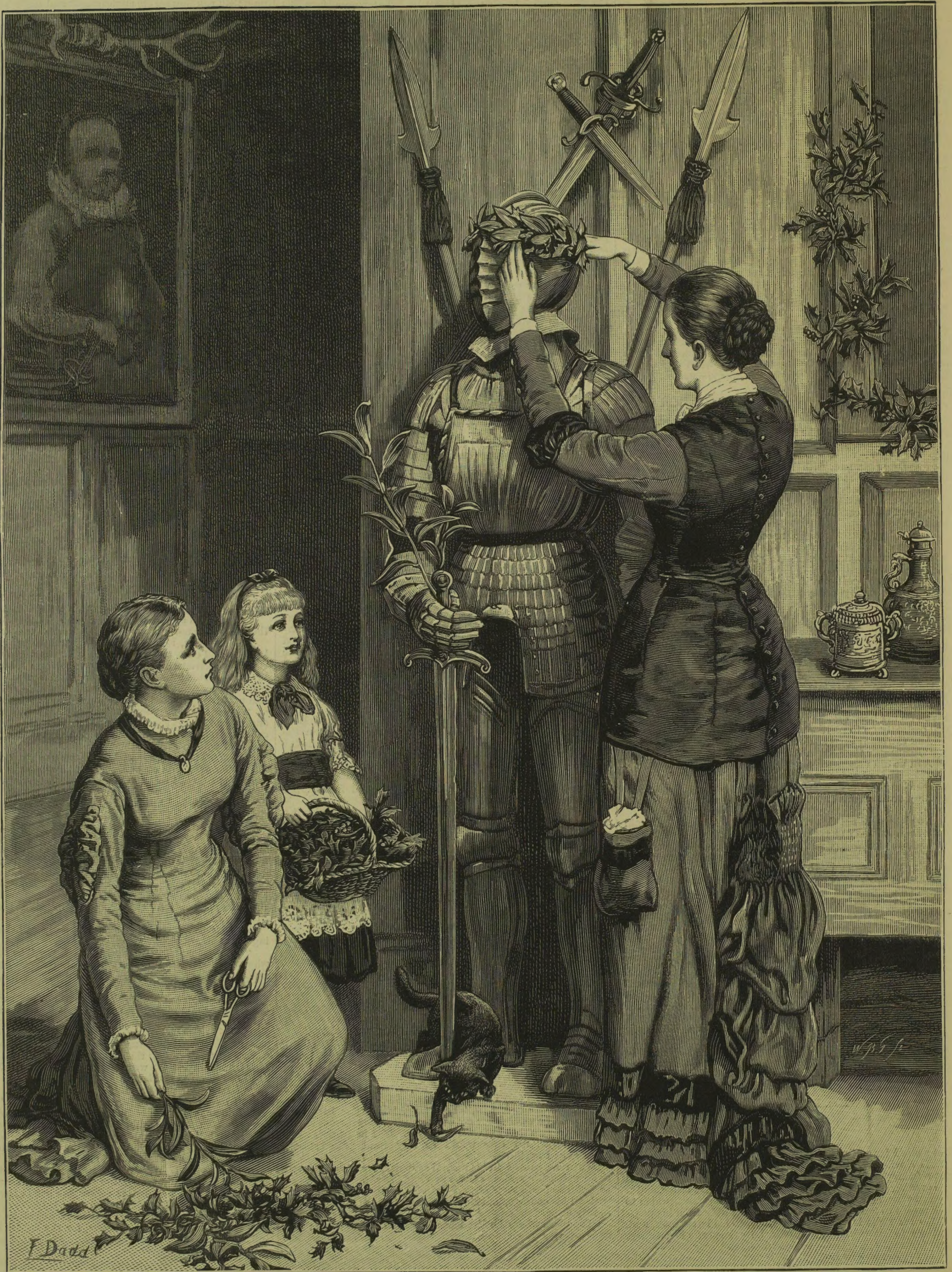
"I do not think anybody has," answered the girl, her eyes dancing with fun. "Mrs. Dodson left everything ready for you, though," she went on, eager to do justice to the over-fond mother. "I wish you would eat a little of this fowl, and let me get you some ale. You do look so tired."

"Thank you, Lucy," he said again; "but I cannot eat or drink. I do not want anything you could get for me—really I do not; so you had better follow the good example set by my sister and Mrs. Dodson, and go to bed."

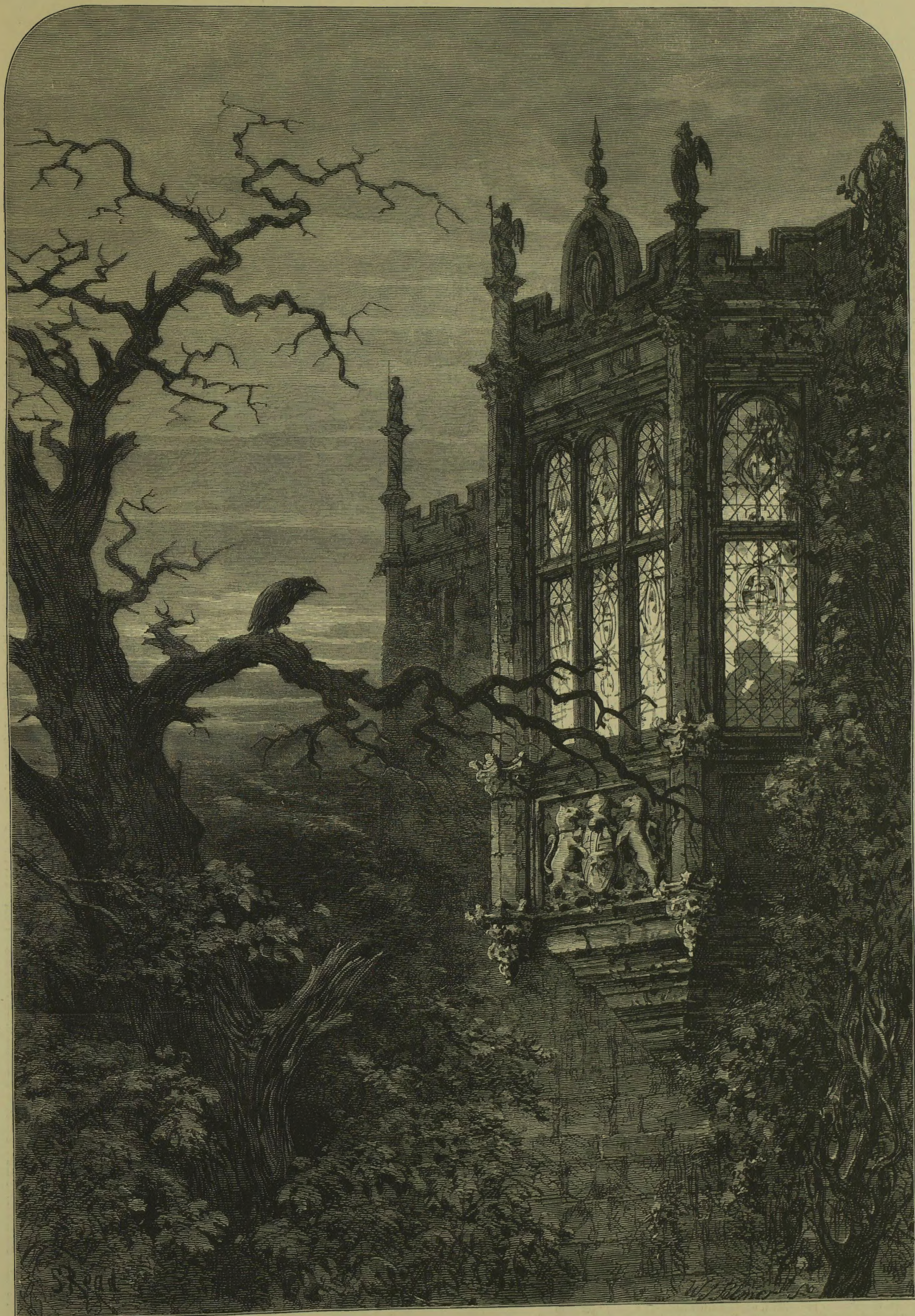
Evidently Miss Holding was accustomed to yield unquestioning obedience to her elders, for she lighted her candle and said good-night to Mr. Gargrave, and left the room without uttering another word.

When she had got so far as the bottom of the narrow staircase, however, she paused and hesitated: she looked back towards the door she had just closed, then she proceeded upstairs, very slowly, stopping for a moment on each step when she reached the top of the flight she paused again, and, this time without any hesitation whatever, tripped down into the hall and re-entered the parlour.

She found Mr. Gargrave pacing up and down the room as he had paced up and down his office.



OUR NOBLE ANCESTOR. DRAWN BY F. DADD.



AN EVIL OMEN. DRAWN BY S. READ.

"What is it?" he asked, thinking she must have forgotten something.

"I came back to ask if you were ill. I felt afraid you must be," she answered, with a shy timidity of manner which proved that her intercourse with Mr. Gargrave was neither close nor familiar.

"Ill, child? What in the world made you think I was ill?"

"I do not know. You do not look well. You seem different."

"There is nothing the matter with me, Lucy," he said, as she stopped and seemed confused. "That is, nothing the matter with my health. I got an annoying letter this morning; and to-night I have been having a fight."

"A fight!" echoed the girl, looking him over as though she expected to see some visible tokens of the encounter referred to.

"Not that sort of a fight," he explained, "only a quarrel with myself. It is all over now, and I am quite right again."

He had ceased his walk and was standing on the hearthrug as he told her this, his back to the fire, his face towards her.

The light from the candle she held, as well as from two placed upon the table, fell full upon him, and with a certain wonder and curiosity Lucy Holding looked at her guardian as she had certainly never looked at him before.

On his side, he looked at her in return; and, as he did so, it struck him that she was very pretty.

Something in her attitude, something in her expression, something in the way the shadows came and went across her face, some feeling unconsciously awakened and shining through her eyes, attracted and arrested his attention.

Yes; she had the effect of beauty, if she were not really beautiful; and it passed through his mind that she might grow beautiful.

Hitherto, if he thought about her appearance at all, it was but to consider that her eyes were too big and her mouth too wide; but now there was a wistful sweetness in the one, and a sympathetic tenderness about the other, which transfigured her whole countenance.

She stood for a moment looking at him steadfastly and innocently, as a child might have done; then she said, "I am sure you are ill, only you will not say so. Do let me get you something. I can go into Miss Gargrave's room without disturbing her, and fetch you sal volatile, or red lavender, or eau de cologne. She keeps them all on her dressing-table."

Mr. Gargrave laughed outright. "Why, Lucy," he exclaimed, "you might as well offer to bring me some rouge and a plait of false hair, as the things you have mentioned. There, run away to bed, child."

"I do not like to go when you are ill."

"I am not ill," he persisted; "that is, not ill in body."

"Then you are ill in mind, and that is far worse," she said, with a pretty wisdom.

"Why, how should you know, Lucy," and then he stopped suddenly, recollecting the one great grief which had left the girl an orphan.

"I wish you would let me do something for you," she continued, with quiet insistence. "It seems so strange to see you eating no supper."

He did not answer her immediately. All at once it recurred to him that the trouble which had come was as likely to affect her as him; that girl, child almost, as he had hitherto considered her, their interests were so interwoven, whatever of evil or good touched him must touch her. There were special reasons also to which hitherto he gave little heed why at that time if difficulty should come, difficulty even without ruin, she must be told all the ins and outs of the affair.

It had never been his habit to speak of any of the details of his business before his woman-kind. The circumstances of his early career in London were such as to render him reserved and self-contained, and in the surroundings of his later experiences there was nothing to induce communicativeness.

A foolish woman and a thoughtless child! If Mr. Gargrave ever summed up the persons composing his domestic circle he must have done it in those words. A woman who so thoroughly despised all business that she ignored, as far as she could possibly do so, the fact that but for business she would lack even daily bread; and a child who had been brought up so completely in the midst of commerce that it seemed to her as natural and as uninteresting as the mill-round of every-day existence.

Miss Gargrave considered that if right had been right—if everyone had his own—she ought to be the sister of a wealthy country gentleman instead of a "mere struggling trader;" whilst all Miss Holding knew about her own position was that her father had founded the factory which Mr. Gargrave, who she understood was come of grand people, carried on.

She had begun to call him guardian soon after he took up his abode at the cottage. First, Mrs. Dodson, the housekeeper, so styled him, and subsequently Miss Gargrave, when she brought her fan, and poodle, and laces, and essences, and ailments, and fine ladyism to the cottage, never dreamt of speaking of him to the girl as anything else.

By Mr. Holding's will he was left guardian to that gentleman's daughter, and of the complications connected with the making of that will Miss Gargrave and Lucy and Mrs. Dodson were utterly ignorant.

Mr. Gargrave, however, was not ignorant; and as he stood before the fire silent thoughts, bitter and self-reproachful, coursed through his mind.

Amongst the tangle of ideas one only was perfectly plain—Lucy must know, and know soon. He had considered the matter as affecting her when he refused the control of Miss Brockley's money; but he had not thought of telling the girl the position of affairs.

How and in what way he should now best enter into explanations with her was a problem—one he never, probably, could have solved for himself, but which she unconsciously was making plainer.

"Lucy!" at last he said.

"Yes, Guardian," she answered. All the time he was silent she had remained silent also, looking sometimes at him and sometimes at the fire, but waiting patiently for him to speak.

"Put down that candle and come here; I have something to say to you."

There was only one topic concerning which she felt sensitive; and, thinking what he desired to say must have reference to it, she blushed deeply as she obeyed.

He was considering the same topic, but only as it bore upon money matters. The girl had a lover who was personally distasteful to him, whose father he disliked, whose mother he disliked, whose brothers and sisters he disliked, and whose self he both disliked and despised. Nevertheless, there being nothing actually against the young man and his family—quite the contrary, indeed—he felt constrained, when asked for his consent, to agree that they should be engaged.

He did not throw any difficulties in the way of an early marriage, either; though the idea of the girl he remembered a little child being old enough to marry and be given in marriage at first struck him with a strange sense of unreality.

"Why, I must be getting an old man myself," he con-

sidered, when Mr. Suttaby first broached the idea of "my Russell and your Miss Lucy making a match of it;" and he was right. Age does not always count by years; and at thirty-three Mr. Gargrave looked over forty, and old enough to be guardian to all the parish.

Miss Holding had always regarded him as quite an aged person; but then youth is ever apt to take that view of those who are set in authority over them.

Mr. Gargrave, she imagined, was set in very high authority over her, and she consequently felt afraid that what he had to say concerned the young man she called Russell, and that he was going to find fault with her or him.

But Mr. Gargrave's first words dispelled this idea.

"I have had a great blow—a great trouble I should say—to-day," he began, correcting his first statement, as he remembered how literally she had interpreted the word "fight."

"I am very sorry," she said; and she looked sorry, though unintelligent.

"I have lost a large sum of money," he proceeded.

"Where?" she asked. "Oh! how did you manage to do that?"

It was hard work; it always is hard work to explain business matters to those who know nothing whatever about business.

The simplest terms in the language of commerce bear to outsiders a totally different meaning from that it is intended to convey, and the disaster and ruin which can be told to the initiated in half a dozen words has to be painfully interpreted and painfully repeated in the ears of those to whom City terms and City phrases are scarcely more intelligible than so much Greek.

Mr. Gargrave was patient, however. He was accustomed to this non-comprehension; for, let a business man be careful and silent as he will, sometimes a trade phrase must pass his lips, and such phrase never did pass his lips without eliciting a disclaimer from Miss Gargrave.

"I do not mean literally out of my pocket," he said, in answer to the girl's speech. "I did not lose my purse, as you did last summer, or have my pocket picked, like Mrs. Dodson. No, Lucy; it is a worse business than anything of that kind. I have made a bad debt; or, in plainer English, been swindled out of an amount of money which must produce serious embarrassment if not ruin."

"Ruin!" she repeated, aghast. That expression, at all events, was comprehensible.

"I did not mean that altogether," he said, hastily. "I may be able to pull through. I hope I shall; but it will be difficult work—cruel work," he added, as if speaking to himself.

"I wish I could help you," she cried. And she clasped her hands as she spoke, and all her innocent heart looked out tenderly through her eyes. "Oh! I wish I could."

Her simple words pierced his very soul. If, through him, she were brought to sorrow—if, through him, the small fortune her father hoped would be secured to her should be utterly lost—how could he bear the burden of his remorse? He had thought of this before, but he had not thought of it in the same way. If he had—but no, he could not, after due deliberation, have acted differently. He could not believe that the way to right one wrong was to perpetrate another. With eyes shut—blinded by hope, and egotism, and lack of the especial sort of experience now bought so dearly, he perilled the inheritance of this girl, the whole of which had been—morally, if not legally—intrusted to him; but, with his eyes open, he could not strive to retrieve an act of mad folly by committing a crime.

For it would have been a crime—as he told himself over and over, while fighting out his battle—to use Mrs. Brockley's money in sustaining his own credit. But yet, the contingency of losing the widow's modest competence was remote, and the difficulty of preserving his position and Lucy's not pressing. Had he been right? Had he not been too hasty? Might he not, even yet, use the means which lay in his very hands? Pish! was the argument all to be gone over again; was the demon of temptation rampant as ever; having made his choice, could he not abide by it whatever might betide; yes—whatever—

"Lucy," he said, hoarsely—he felt he must speak to someone, though the understanding of that someone might be no more able to grasp his meaning than that of a child in arms—"I could to-night have freed myself from anxiety about this affair. I had money enough to pay the liabilities I have incurred and plenty to spare beside, offered to me—sent to me—but I refused to use it."

"Did you? Was not that a pity?" she commented, wondering at his agitation, but having only the vaguest comprehension what he was talking about.

"I will tell you exactly how it happened. An old lady in the country sent me up a large sum—that is, a large sum to me and to her—to invest for her. She bade me use it in my own business if I pleased. I know she wanted me so to use it, because she believed it would be safe in my keeping."

"Yes, and it would surely," murmured the girl.

"No, I say it would not have been safe. I could not have made it absolutely secure. I might have lost it—business is never a certainty; what is good to-day may be bad to-morrow. I might have saved myself for the time being—for always, perhaps—and I might also have done no harm to her; but then, upon the other hand, there was a chance, and I dared not encounter it. No matter what became of this business—your father's business—I could not run the risk of beggaring her. Was I right?"

"Of course you were right," answered Lucy; but she would have answered the same had he reversed the position.

She had been brought up in the creed that Michael Gargrave could do no wrong; and though she puzzled over the story he told, and wondered most of all at his telling it to her, she was content to accept his reading of it as correct beyond doubt.

He saw the picture he presented seemed blurred and misty to her unaccustomed eyes—that although she was struggling to comprehend him she really did not understand the position.

"All this may affect you, Lucy," he said, after a pause, resting one arm on the mantelshelf and looking earnestly at her as he spoke.

"How do you mean?" she asked, in her childish simplicity.

"I will try to keep all harm from you," he went on; "but it is necessary for you to know that harm may come—harm I may be powerless to avert. I should like to-morrow to have a long talk with you about our relative positions. I think it is better for me to tell you how we came to be situated towards each other as we are. It is too late to go on talking now. You must be tired. If you do not get to sleep soon," he added, with an effort to speak lightly, "you will have pale cheeks in the morning."

"They are always pale," she said with a little pout, touching them with her fingers as she spoke. "I wish they were redder."

"They would not be half so pretty if they were," he answered without thought.

No need, then, for her to desire damask roses instead of white. Swift and hot the telltale blood rushed to her face, suffusing the cheeks she had despised with a colour which for the moment changed the character of her countenance.

Not knowing why she blushed, yet ashamed of blushing, she cast down her eyes and averted her head while she bade her guardian good-night.

"Good-night," he said, smiling kindly yet sadly, as he looked upon her fair young face. "Good-night. God bless you!" and he released the hand he held.

When for the second time she walked up stairs it was with a dazed and confused sensation that she had formed the acquaintance of another guardian and a second Michael Gargrave. For the first time in all the long years she had known the friend her father trusted she felt as if he were a living man and not an abstract impersonation—as if he were intelligible to her, interesting to her—something of kin as well as of kind, as if she could talk to him without fear, and listen to him speaking with sympathy. After she was in her own room she thought of him for a long time—thought about all Mrs. Dodson had told her of the former glories of the Gargraves—thought without one spark of impatience of Miss Gargrave's endless narratives and pettish lamentations.

Upon his side, Mr. Gargrave also thought deeply concerning his ward; but when he had finished his cogitations he could not have told anyone what he had been thinking about her.

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GARGRAVES.

It was true, as Miss Gargrave said, that her brother had not been brought up a "mere trader."

Michael Gargrave himself would have been the first to add, that "more was the pity," and to admit there might be a considerable amount of truth in the remark of Mr. Russell Suttaby—called not after the statesman, but after his godfather, a well-to-do clothier and one of the "Worshipful Company of Fan-makers"—that he "had not been brought up to anything half so honest."

Mr. Russell Suttaby, an exceedingly callow-looking youth, who thought himself an authority in neckties and poetry, who despised his own "governor," who felt ashamed of his mother—really in her way an admirable parent and capital manager—felt an unreasonable annoyance whenever Miss Lucy Holding mentioned any fact connected with Mr. Gargrave's ancestors.

It was not Mr. Gargrave's fault that he came of an old stock; but young Mr. Suttaby spoke as though it were not only his fault but his sin.

"If I had to earn my living in a stuffy old glass-works I would at least have sense enough to drop a lot of disreputable old grandfathers, who, I'll be bound, were no better than they should be," remarked Mr. Russell one summer's evening, when he and Miss Holding and his sisters were taking their walks abroad over the wide if not lovely expanse of Wanstead Flats. Mr. Russell Suttaby, clerk in a stockbroker's office, considered himself in all respects much superior to his lady-love's guardian, and was never weary of implying that he thought so, that little matter of old family notwithstanding.

"It is of no use talking to me about what a man was. All I concern myself with is what he is," was one of the many remarks on the subject of the Gargrave ancestry in which he indulged.

"My father founded the glassworks, and Mr. Gargrave never says a word about his grandfather or his father either," said Lucy, in defence both of her guardian and his business, upon the occasion of that walk across the flats.

"Well, if he does not, that old woman does, at any rate," persisted Mr. Suttaby. "I hate to go near the place. She looks as if she despised everybody—as if she was always smelling something unpleasant. I am sure her scents and perfumes, and airs and graces, are enough to make anyone sick."

"Her mother was a great heiress," remarked Lucy, deprecatingly.

"Then why has she no money?"

"And her father ought to have had Brayley."

"Then why had he not? If he ought to have had it, he would have had it. People can't be done out of their rights nowadays; it is all nonsense. Besides, what was Brayley—what is it? I dare say it is not worth a penny more than my uncle's house at High Beech. That is a place you must see, Lucy. My uncle has lovely gardens, the finest apricots I ever tasted. Are not they splendid, Jane?"

Thus appealed to, Miss Suttaby said they were, and in her turn proceeded to enlarge upon the beauties of the High Beech Paradise. Lucy meantime remaining silent, but unconvinced—snubbed, but not defeated.

To have despised the Suttabys would have been to despise the rank to which she herself belonged—to object to a man because he did not come of great people would have been to object to her dear, dead father, whom she had loved with all her loyal heart; but it was one thing to look down upon personal surroundings and another to speak slightly of the Gargraves because they chanced to belong to a good family.

Though a disadvantage, it certainly was a fact that Michael Gargrave had been brought up to regard himself not as the possible but as the certain future possessor of "Brayley," in Southshire.

He was the eldest son of his father, Rokeby Gargrave, and when that gentleman had attained to the age of forty there only intervened between himself and Brayley the life of one sickly boy.

Brayley was a fine property, still a fine property, and one well worth coveting, spite of the fact that it was not the fault of any previous Gargrave a single rood of land belonged to the family.

Let them otherwise differ as they would, and as they did, in tastes, habits, modes of thought, the possessors of Brayley had almost from time immemorial been agreed that the only way to enjoy their ancestral estate was to make ducks and drakes of it.

With wonderful industry they each in succession devoted themselves to this experiment in ornithology, and it was only the law of entail, and those feuds which seem for providential reasons to rage in some races between owners and heirs, that had years previously prevented Brayley passing into the hands of some "Manchester man" or City millionaire.

Pride in the old place they took none, or, for that matter, pleasure either. For more than a century, at any rate, never a master of Brayley but had managed before his death to reduce his income to a merely nominal allowance; never a heir stepped into his predecessor's shoes who had failed to contract such engagements as fettered him pecuniarily for the remainder of his natural life.

Amongst the Gargraves, since the family decadence commenced until the advent of this sickly lad, Owen, not a single minor had been owner of the property—not a chance had occurred for money to accumulate during the childhood or boyhood of one of the line.

Middle-aged, or even old men, they succeeded to the estate (already heavily encumbered by a mortgage contracted so long previously that the nature of its origin had become a

matter of tradition), burdened by debts incurred during a weary period of expectancy; by post obits; by bills; by life insurances; by all the shifts and devices to which needy men are compelled to resort while running barefoot because another man wears his own slippers too long for their convenience.

In the beginning of his career Mr. Rokeby Gargrave had been deprived of some of the advantages for pursuing the family branch of study, inasmuch as not being the eldest son of the eldest son, it was on the cards that some small Gargrave might be born, who should "cut him out," as Mr. Rokeby tersely phrased the results of the possible contingency.

His brother, however, being of a non-marrying disposition, and Mr. Rokeby Gargrave of a sanguine temperament, that gentleman, of nowhere in particular and of no profession at all, began, ere long, to consider himself, except as regarded that trifling matter of actual possession, the actual owner of Brayley; but the Jews, being of quite another way of thinking, utterly declined to embarrass his future prospects for him. Thrown thus back upon first principles, Mr. Gargrave, after he had spent his own fortune, derived from his mother, spent the fortune his wife brought him.

There was nothing in particular to show or to refer to when the two fortunes were gone; but it was the Gargrave way to get as little for money as gentlemen well could; and society therefore neither marvelled nor complained when the typical duck and drake alone remained to show Mr. Rokeby had ever possessed a halfpenny.

After that period of living upon capital, Mr. Gargrave lived partly upon his wits, which alone might not have supplied a nutritious diet, and greatly upon the faith of tradespeople.

Even now, despite co-operative stores and other incentives to radicalism and unbelief, there are left some shopkeepers who do possess an amount of faith at once pleasing and touching; and while Mr. Rokeby Gargrave was "waiting for his own," credit, as a rule, was the rule, and cash with order or money on delivery quite the exception.

Anyhow, Mr. Rokeby Gargrave did not send cash with his orders or pay for his goods on delivery—very much the contrary indeed; and such was the faith or folly of butcher and baker, and fishmonger, and all the rest of the purveying fraternity, that Mrs. Gargrave number one died without having experienced any of those privations she would indeed have found it very difficult to bear.

Having given her, on credit, a handsome funeral, provided and conducted by Messrs Velvet and Plumes, the eminent upholsterers, Mr. Gargrave looked about him. It had never been a failing of his to take very long views; indeed, voluntarily he would never have viewed his affairs at all.

Time, however, had passed on, and the credit and "promise-to-pay" system was wellnigh exhausted.

Accounts came in at less and less distant intervals; creditors called oftener than Mr. Gargrave liked; lawyers wrote to know what he proposed doing; and even the schoolmaster who was training up the future owner of Brayley sent a letter stating that unless Mr. Gargrave could manage to post a cheque by an early date he must with much regret decline receiving Master Michael Gargrave after the Christmas holidays.

Things were therefore very bad indeed with Mr. Gargrave; and yet, in very truth, he had never been so near Brayley as at that period. Contrary to all expectation, his brother had married; but he was now dead, and there stood between Mr. Gargrave and fruition but one frail life—a life which no company would have insured, and which the doctors said could not possibly last long.

Nevertheless, as the boy had lived, the boy might live, or at all events drag on, for a considerable period; and in the mean time Mr. Gargrave's creditors wanted a settlement, and, failing a settlement, ceased to solicit the honour of his patronage—indeed, they refused his patronage altogether.

Thus, as has been said, Mr. Gargrave found existence difficult. Though he had removed to a new locality, the legend of his impecuniosity could not readily be left behind, and the tradespeople in his fresh neighbourhood were distressingly unanimous in refusing to let their goods leave their shops until paid for.

"If this goes on," said Mr. Gargrave to himself, with a simple yet tragic earnestness which proved how startling and unexpected was the situation, "I shall starve. I must write to my uncle."

Now, the uncle referred to was a shrewd old bachelor, who had never evinced any great liberality towards his sister's son, and it was not in the least degree likely he would assist him at this crisis. Nevertheless, Mr. Rokeby Gargrave wrote.

When the reply came, which it did promptly, it contained the simple statement that, however unpleasant the prospect of starving might seem to his nephew, it was a matter which could not be supposed to interest him.

"You speak of America or Australia," he proceeded—Mr. Gargrave having, indeed, mentioned those far-off continents as his possible destination. "If I am to starve," he said, "I had better do so where I am unknown."—"You speak of America or Australia. There is plenty of land to be had in either of those countries for a mere song, and emigration will cut the knot of all your present difficulties. If a five-pound note would be of any assistance to have in your pocket when you land (I conclude you mean to work your passage out), say so, and you shall have it by return of post. After all, it is a comfort to reflect there are places where a man willing to work need not starve."

This, being more than Mr. Gargrave could bear, he in his turn, dispatched an epistle covering four sides of a sheet of letter-paper, which commenced:—

"Sir,—A five-pound note would be of no use to me whatever;" and ended by saying that the writer considered Mr. Edward Rokeby "a disgrace to his order"—the last observation being emphasised by no less than three dashes.

This closed the correspondence; and once again Mr. Gargrave had to face his difficulties.

As for work, he never contemplated such a possibility. Begging he would not have minded—but then begging seemed of no use.

There was only one thing to which he could turn his attention, and on that he immediately concentrated his energies.

He would marry.

"Poor dear Matilda!" he thought, as this mode of extrication occurred to him. "She was always thoughtful; she died most opportunely."

So it got abroad that Mr. Rokeby Gargrave was going to marry "money;" and his creditors (creditors, as a race, are much given to catching at straws), believing, possessed their souls in patience till such time as that money should be applied to liquidating their little accounts.

For his first wife Mr. Gargrave, guided by prudential motives, had married a lady older than himself. In his second he selected—once again guided by pecuniary considerations—a girl just emancipated from a boarding school.

She ran away with him—he was a man who had always charmed women—and left behind the greatest part of her fortune.

Eighty thousand should have been her "dot;" but she (quite unconsciously) forfeited seventy-five thousand by marrying without the consent of her guardians.

"Was ever so unlucky a dog born!" exclaimed Mr. Gargrave, after a very bad quarter of an hour with those gentlemen. Then his troubles began in earnest; then came writs and lawyers' letters, and threats and performances.

The unanimity which prevailed amongst his creditors was wonderful. They all wanted one thing, and they all tried to get it in one way.

"There is a monotony about this," remarked Mr. Gargrave airily, trying to put a brave face on the matter; but no one could look at him and fail to see the struggle was too much for his selfish, indolent temperament. He grew thin and peevish; he worried his lawyers and bullied his family; he cried out that it was unjust; he swore a great many times—for about this time there was much variety in his language if not in his theme—that it was too bad he should be kept out of his own by a weakened, sallow, deformed, croffling cripple. He said his dead brother ought to have been ashamed of himself; he said the mother must be a very wicked woman; he called heaven and earth to witness that there had never been a man so wronged and persecuted as he; he demanded justice from the sun, and the air, and all those gods and goddesses, the names of which were about the only things remaining in his memory of an expensive classical education.

He declared he must go abroad, must leave his native country, and lay his bones upon a foreign shore, when once again fortune relented and dealt him another thump.

A very distant relation died, and left him twenty thousand pounds; and within a week after came a very sad letter from Mrs. Gargrave, saying she was about to take her son abroad.

It was a forlorn hope, but she meant to try it; and if Mr. Rokeby Gargrave, of whose misfortunes she had been sorry to hear, and on whose recent inheritance she begged to congratulate him, liked, during her absence, to take up his abode at Brayley, she would be very glad to think that the old place was so suitably occupied.

"Heaven be praised!" cried Mr. Gargrave, too excited at first to explain the cause of his delight to his wondering family. "Brayley is as good as our own. I wonder what those fiends of tradespeople will think now? They shall not have another order from me, if they asked for it on bended knees"—which lost a little of its point owing to the fact that no tradesman with whom Mr. Gargrave had ever had transactions was likely to desire their renewal upon any terms whatever.

Then, indeed, came a time of prosperity, during the continuance of which Mr. Gargrave basked in the sunshine, and caused his money to melt away like snow in thaw.

What matter about that paltry sum, however. Pooh! the whole amount was not equal to one year's income of Brayley.

When remonstrated with, as sometimes lawyers and others will remonstrate, even though they feel remonstrance useless, Mr. Gargrave was wont to reply,

"When poor Owen goes, of course I step into everything at once; and then, think of the accumulations. I am sure I don't wish the lad dead; but still, life must be a burden to him. Each post may bring the news that he is gone."

But the posts came in without bringing any news of the kind. According to his mother's account, the young fellow grew no stronger, but still he clung tenaciously to life. If it were indeed a burden, he seemed in no haste to lay it down.

"The doctors keep him alive," his uncle remarked, "but the vital spark is a mere glimmer. Any day or hour we may expect to hear it is extinguished altogether."

And strong in this faith, and perhaps to keep his hand in practice, Mr. Rokeby Gargrave went on spending as though he had come into a million instead of twenty thousand pounds.

In this time of prosperity young Michael shared. He had his horses, his dogs, his guns; anything the young heir might have possessed, and more freedom than any young heir would have been permitted.

He was not well educated; that, his father observed, might be regarded as a matter of quite secondary importance.

"It does not require much learning to spend thirty thousand a year," the older man was wont sapiently to remark.

"And he will have that, at any rate, when I am in the family vault. Better have good health than a knowledge of all the tongues living or dead. What did study do for my poor brother? He might have been alive now if he had not addled his brains with that Hebrew trash he was so fond of."

When Michael Gargrave was about sixteen years old some friend of the family suggested the propriety of his being placed in the way of learning a profession.

"You must remember," reasoned this individual, "that your nephew is not dead yet."

"And none of us wish him to be," retorted Mr. Gargrave, in an access of virtue. "To grudge a poor creature like that a few months of life—if living it can be called—we should, indeed, be mercenary."

"But supposing he should live for, say, twenty years?"

"My dear fellow, I can't suppose an impossibility. It is a mere question of time, and not a question of a very long time first, either, I am afraid."

"But, still, no harm could be done by educating your son for a profession."

"Well, I am not so sure of that. A landed proprietor should, in my opinion, be a landed proprietor pure and simple, not a parson, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a soldier, but just the owner of the soil, with his interests concentrated in the soil and those who reside upon it."

"Humph!" commented the friend, who knew very well indeed that the Gargraves had far too often found their interests widely at variance from the interests of the men who rented their farms and tilled their fields.

By the time Michael Gargrave was eighteen it may be a question whether his father did not again consider the owner of Brayley an unreasonable time about that simple little matter of dying.

Creaking gates should not stay on their hinges for ever, and the young fellow had been creaking for over twenty-one years.

Further, Mr. Gargrave had not only run through his fresh patrimony, but exhausted his fresh credit. From the time when his nephew came of age things had been a little "difficult" for the elder man, and when things begin to be "difficult" they generally end by becoming unpleasant.

"If that fellow lives much longer," he said to his wife, "I shall have to go into the *Gazette*."

"The sooner the better, dear, I should think," she answered, with exasperating amiability, "and then we shall be rid of those dreadful people who are always now asking us for money."

While affairs were thus once again hovering on the verge of ruin: when, in fact, nothing but the Brayley property could have saved Mr. Gargrave, news came to England that a new physician had been so successfully treating the young heir that there was every hope of his yet been restored to health.

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Gargrave, pityingly referring to his sister-in-law. "Some quack has got hold of her, I doubt, now. Very likely the improvement she speaks of is but the final flicker."

It was a very hopeful flicker, at all events. Letter suc-

ceeded to letter; and finally Mrs. Gargrave announced that she and her son, who was very much better, trusted to return to England in the course of the following summer.

Here was a contingency no one had ever taken into calculation. That Owen Gargrave should recover would have seemed the wildest of all wild imaginings, and yet here he was recovering. He whose life had been thought scarcely worth a day's purchase was as likely to live as the best of them.

It was horrible, but it was true. Mr. Gargrave might rave and blaspheme; I regret to say he did both; but his utterances could not alter facts.

He said dreadful, unpardonable things—things which coming later to the mother's ears she never forgot and never forgave.

As for the creditors, they were "neither to hold nor to bind," they were simply furious. They called their debtor harder names than he called his nephew; and, in fine, from a storm of writs and clamour of furious tongues, Mr. Gargrave retired to the Continent, where he was in due time followed by Mrs. Gargrave and the junior members of the family—none of them, be it understood, quite destitute of the hope that they might yet return to England in triumph.

After all, there was but a life between them and Brayley, and who could tell?

CHAPTER IV.

MICHAEL GARGRAVE.

When the dark days come, friends are sometimes conspicuous by their absence; but at first around the Gargraves friends, such as they were, gathered in numbers.

To say truth, people could not believe in the extent and thoroughness of the collapse. Many persons found it impossible to believe that Brayley was virtually gone from Mr. Rokeby Gargrave; others could not credit the extent of his folly. A time, of course, arrived when everyone realised that Mr. Gargrave's sun had gone down in darkness—that for him there would be no more cakes and ale, though his son was gone into the City to "make his fortune."

"What is to become of Michael?" asked that young man's godfather when the collapse occurred.

"He, poor fellow? Oh! he'll have to go on 'Change, or something of that kind. It is a new thing for Gargraves to become tradesmen; but if I were a younger man I should devote myself to business. I should, indeed."

Business in the estimation of Mr. Rokeby Gargrave being a sort of gold-mine very easy indeed to work, though it could not be regarded as otherwise than *infra dig.* to labour in it.

"He will want some capital, though, won't he?" suggested the other, whose ideas on the subject were almost as hazy as those of the man he addressed.

"Capital? No, no; that is not needed in trade. Things are bought and sold without a shilling of actual money changing hands. All that is required is to know *where* to buy and *where* to sell."

When the family solicitor was consulted on this point, he expressed some doubts as to whether Mr. Gargrave's view of commercial matters could be regarded as quite correct; but, as he also had heard of fortunes being made by beggars—of millionaires who had originally been possessed of precisely five farthings when they crossed London Bridge, he felt chary of expressing any very decided opinion, and contented himself by offering to write to his agents and make inquiries.

In reply, his agents said he was quite correct in imagining that the amassing of large fortunes in trade was the exception, and the compassing of merely a moderate income, or sometimes no income at all, the rule. "Success depended," they went on to state, "not merely upon individual talent, but the circumstances in which the individual possessed of talent chanced to be placed."

"Very much depended upon a good beginning. A fair start was most important to a young man. The office he entered, the commercial education he received, were matters which sometimes proved of vital importance."

"That all sounds very sensible," said Michael Gargrave's godfather. "Write and ask them, Mr. Tunstall, if you please, whether by chance they happen to know of an office where a young fellow who has never given his attention to such matters could be trained into becoming a successful merchant."

Duly the letter was written, duly the reply came back. Quite by chance Mr. Tunstall's London agents did happen to know of a firm willing to receive the son of a gentleman (this was underlined), and instruct him in all the details of a most profitable business, for the moderate premium of two hundred and fifty pounds. The usual pecuniary consideration they received was five hundred; but as they (Mr. Tunstall's correspondents) were interested about the matter, the firm would take half that amount. Twelve months, they considered, might teach any person of ordinary ability all it was necessary for him to learn; but the arrangement could be extended beyond that period, if agreeable to both parties, in which case the young gentleman's services would be acknowledged with a suitable honorarium.

Very triumphantly Mr. Tunstall read this letter to those interested in its contents.

"Fine opening—fine opportunity"—remarked Mr. Gargrave; "but they might as well ask me for two hundred and fifty thousand, or, indeed, two hundred and fifty millions."

"It is very good of your friends, Mr. Tunstall," said Michael; "but you must see yourself it is, as my father suggests, impossible for me to accept the offer."

"Look here, Michael," broke in his godfather. "If you mean to work, and try to break through all this wretched tangle, I will help you. My income is only an annuity, as you know; but I have saved some few hundreds, and they may as well be yours now as when I am dead and gone. Now do not say a word, please. If you wish to get to work, Mr. Tunstall and I will settle all the preliminaries."

And so, without much more talk, it was settled. The generous old gentleman, risking his hardly-saved hundreds; and Michael, full of hope, and zeal, and faith in himself and London, accepted his godfather's offer as frankly as it was frankly made.

So to London he went. After a short time he found lodgings in Walworth, and walked thence, each working morning, to the offices of Messrs. Casserow, Ginton, and Co., Martin's-lane.

After his first introduction to that establishment he wrote a glowing account of its glories to his father and godfather. "There is so much plate-glass and polished mahogany and brass and lacquer work that one's senses are fairly dazzled," he said. "Each of the partners has a private office, the floor of which is covered with a Turkey carpet. Even in the waiting-room there is a library table as large and far handsomer than that at Brayley. The 'messenger' wears a livery, and is resplendent with silver buttons. There are five young fellows in the office, each of whom has paid a premium to come in, varying in amount from three hundred to six hundred pounds. I cannot yet quite make out what the business is. So far, not one of us has done anything except direct circulars and copy letters."

Time passed on, and Mr. Michael Gargrave still failed to



DANCING WAS DANCING IN THOSE DAYS. DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



LUCKY DOG! DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID.

make out what the business was. He had become almost perfect in the matters of addressing circulars and copying letters, and was longing for a change of occupation, when one afternoon two persons came into the office and asked to see Mr. Casserow, failing Mr. Casserow Mr. Glington, failing Mr. Glington the Company, and failing the Company the Manager. Failing as regards even the last-named personage, the better-dressed of the two concluded "he would wait a bit."

When told the return of the firm that day was extremely uncertain he said that did not much matter to him, and he still thought he had better "wait a bit."

As he refused all offers of the newspaper, the clerks telegraphed meaning looks to each other signifying their belief that he could not read; and, as he volunteered no attempt at conversation, it was inferred he and his companion must be of unusual dispositions.

About five o'clock Mr. Casserow, bustling into the office, beheld the pair who had resisted all efforts to get them into the waiting room.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" said Mr. Casserow, carelessly. "Step this way, will you?" and he opened the door of his own sanctum.

After a little while he rang his bell, and, saying that he should be engaged for some time, observed that the clerks need wait no longer.

Next morning, when the clerks arrived at business, they found the shutters up, and one of the yesterday's men in calm possession of the mahogany fittings, the many-drawered tables, the Turkey carpets, and the three safes.

Mr. Casserow, Mr. Glington, the Co., or their money, they never saw again. The game, which had not been successful, was played out, and all the young fellows who had learned the business of addressing circulars and copying letters were adrift on the world of London.

For, as a rule, they were not merely dupes but poor dupes, and the amount necessary to teach them "business knowledge," under the auspices of Messrs. Casserow and Co., had been raised with difficulty by friends and relatives, in most cases badly off themselves.

All in vain Michael Gargrave searched for employment. He advertised; he answered advertisements; but there was a beautiful unanimity in the way people refused to have anything to do with him.

And when he came dispassionately to consider the extent of his own acquirements, he could not avoid feeling that people had reason.

"I can read and write and cipher," he thought; "and that is about all. Employers would be very foolish, indeed, to have anything to do with me; though my poor father believed I had but to come to London to conquer."

One day, when returning, thoroughly disheartened, from places where "No!" seemed the stereotyped answer on men's lips, he chanced to see stuck up in the dirty window of a pokey little wholesale glass warehouse a paper on which was written in round hand,

"A boy wanted. Enquire within."

After a minute's irresolution he crossed the threshold, and then paused to see what would happen next.

At a desk in the background sat a man who, on catching sight of him, came forward and said,

"What may your business be, Sir?"

"You want a boy," explained the young fellow, pointing to the legend in the window.

"Well, yes, I do," confessed the other, reluctantly, as one who felt he was being driven to make an irrelevant and unnecessary admission.

"Will you take me?"

"If you think you can play any of your jokes here you're mistaken, and will find yourself so, swell or no swell. Come, get out of this," and the irate trader pointed a very dirty hand towards the door.

"Pray do not be angry. I am not joking. I never felt less like joking in my life. I want work, and as I can't get man's work, let me try if I am able to do boy's. I do not care what it is—I'll sweep out this place now, if you like; it looks as if it would be the better for it—only try me."

With his legs a little apart, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, with a perplexed frown on his forehead, and a very dubious expression in his eyes, Mr. Holding surveyed the individual who made this proposition; but at last he said,

"Well, suppose I do?"

"You won't regret giving me the chance?"

"Very well, then, you shall have a trial; but, remember, you will have to work."

"All right. What should you like me to work at first?" and Mr. Michael Gargrave was looking about him for a convenient nail on which to hang his coat and hat, when his employer arrested that purpose.

"I must have a reference," he said. "If the angel Gabriel came asking for a situation, I would not take him unless he gave me one."

"I am not an angel," answered Gargrave, laughing; "but I dare say I can give a satisfactory reference."

Mr. Holding said nothing in reply; but he watched with shrewd observant eyes the young fellow as he wrote down an address.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HOLDING'S VENTURE.

After all, the whilom heir-presumptive of Brayley had neither to wheel a truck nor sweep out the warehouse. Mr. Holding, having been grieved in spirit by long and weary experience of the general inefficiency and self-sufficiency of young men who came asserting they could do everything, knew how to value this good-looking, well-mannered stranger, who did his best, and who was most earnestly willing and anxious to learn; and, consequently, instead of taking Michael at his word, he put him straight to the desk, made him write letters, copy accounts, and finally initiated him into the mysteries of double entry and day-book and ledger work.

After he had been a month in Mr. Holding's service he wrote to his godfather an account of the collapse of Casserow and Co., only too happy that he could tell the kindly old man his money had not been totally thrown away.

"I am doing very well indeed," he said. "Mr. Holding pays me a salary; he is very kind; and I am in a fair way of learning something more about business than directing envelopes and copying letters."

From all which it will probably be inferred that Michael Gargrave was made of quite another metal than his purposeless, extravagant, foolish father.

Very bitter had been the young fellow's experience when the crash came. Very hard things were said to him by irate creditors. Home truths were told without consideration or delicacy—truths that made him wince, but that proved of incalculable benefit, nevertheless.

Roughly—very roughly—he was shown that there were other interests in the world besides those of the Gargraves. People thought it none the less hard to be "robbed of their money" by "a set of swindlers"—so some of Mr. Gargrave's creditors expressed the transaction—because the chief swindler

was a "fellow whose ancestors wore chain armour in the thirteenth century," to quote poor James Hannay's definition of a gentleman.

No. If it were righteous that a man's children should suffer for his sins (and though he could not understand the reason for this hard truth he accepted its necessity), it was quite just that Rokeby Gargrave's eldest-born should have to earn the bread he ate, and be thankful he was able to get bread even on such terms.

Though scarcely more than a lad, he faced his difficulties like a man. When he went to Mr. Holding's he was still, like David, "but a youth, ruddy and of a fair countenance;" and it might have touched anyone acquainted with his antecedents to see how bravely he took up his burden, and without complaint or faltering bowed his shoulders under it.

Never brought up to know the value of money—for, indeed, not a creature in Mr. Gargrave's household seemed able to understand that there are but twenty shillings in a pound—during his first London experiences he wasted almost as much as he spent; not in riotous living or with any consciousness of being prodigal, but merely because he had still to learn how to fit his expenditure to his income.

Further, it was natural that the gorgeousness of Messrs. Casserow's surroundings should mislead him as to the stability of his own prospects. What more certain than that at the end of the twelvemonth his future services would "be suitably acknowledged;" indeed, in the goodness of his heart, Mr. Casserow once personally assured him that such should be the case.

Thus it came to pass that, economical though the young fellow believed himself to be, he computed everything upon too broad and liberal a scale.

His lodgings were too dear, his landlady too profuse in her ideas. If his food were plain, it was expensive; and he had always, perhaps, too much small change in his pocket. At all events, whatever the reason—and he could have given no reason for the fact; he less than any one, most likely—when the collapse of Messrs. Casserow, Glington, and Co. came there was very little left of the amount his godfather had given him to provide necessities during his year of probationship, and that little he further diminished by a loan to his landlady—an advance she called it, but as he had to leave his lodgings and she her house before a fortnight passed over their heads, perhaps the word gift more accurately described the nature of the transaction.

Accordingly, when he asked permission to do "boy's work" he was almost at his last sovereign, and, as the salary Mr. Holding gave could certainly not be considered extravagant, Michael Gargrave often found the problem of living difficult.

But he never complained; to father, or godfather, or employer he never spoke of the straits to which he was reduced. Often he was cold, often he was hungry, always his food was insufficient, and he could have told of Sundays when he walked miles and miles to kill the weary time he was forced to stay out, so that his landlady might not suspect he had not the wherewithal to buy the dinners she professed herself willing upon the seventh day to cook.

Youth kept him up, however—youth and a certain dogged determination and laudable pride which he inherited from some forgotten ancestor, possibly one of the gentlemen who had figured in chain armour.

"So long as the seams of my coat did not get white," he said long afterwards, when speaking about this period of struggle, "I felt I could bear anything. Happily I had a good stock of clothes, and with care they lasted wonderfully; not quite so well as the garments of the Israelites perhaps, but still almost miraculously. By the time they were so shabby that I felt ashamed to give them away, I was able to buy suits that did well enough for business, though they might have made a West-End tailor weep. I never shall forget my poor father looking at me the first and only time I ran over to France to see him."

"What have you got on, Michael?" he asked, speaking more in sorrow than in anger.

In the first enthusiasm of going out to earn his living the young fellow—who understood well enough that his father's creditors considered not merely the personal belongings but the actual skin of the members of the family belonged to them, and could have found it in their hearts to nail the cuticle to the church doors by way of public example, as a gamekeeper hangs up a kite against some exposed barn—had chivalrous ideas of denuding himself of everything save his poorest and oldest garments, and selling off all he possessed for the benefit of those who had been despoiled.

His watch, his studs, his small stock of jewellery, consisting principally of presents from those who regarded him as the future owner of Brayley; these things he had collected together preliminary to offering them for sacrifice when his godfather quenched the flame of his ardour with this remark:

"Why, my poor Michael, all your goods and chattels would not pay the hundredth part of a farthing in the pound of your father's liabilities. Keep your small possession, boy; and, if it be any comfort to you, remember, I say, these people are not so much to be pitied, after all. The sum total of the matter is that they played for high stakes and lost, and they are indignant accordingly. If Owen had died, you would never have heard anything concerning the iniquity of running in debt, though the iniquity would actually have been just the same."

Concerning his new clerk Mr. Holding knew rather less than employers generally do know of their employés. He heard from his reference that Michael was respectable and of good family. With his own eyes he saw he was a gentleman, or what he called a "swell." The bloom was still on that peach, the rough world had not yet rubbed all the down of pleasant prosperity from young Gargrave's appearance.

That time when tailors might have wept to see the cut of his garments, and one by one the careful habits of younger days began, like the ruddy countenance, to fade away and be forgotten, had not yet arrived; and sometimes Mr. Holding, looking at the youth as he came briskly walking up to the office, would wonder vaguely how long he should keep him, when he would make it up with his friends.

For that Michael had quarrelled with his friends, and had come to London in a huff to seek his fortune was one of the fixed opinions of Mr. Holding's life; indeed, it may be questioned whether to the hour of his death he did not entertain a belief that young Gargrave had come into the city quite as a matter of choice.

"Perhaps there was a girl at the bottom of the business," thought Mr. Holding, whose forte did not lie in imagination; "but he is full young for that sort of thing. Perhaps they wanted him to go into the Church; some lads do object to be controlled by their elders."

Mr. Holding could not make the affair out—indeed, he did not puzzle much about it, except as any change in Mr. Gargrave's plans might affect himself.

Some hint of this sort he let drop when he proposed to teach the new-comer how to keep a set of books.

"Not that there is much good in your learning anything of that kind," he remarked, "as I suppose you will soon be going back to your friends."

Michael looked at him in amazement.

"They're rich, aren't they?" proceeded Mr. Holding.

"Some of them are," answered the young man.

"Then they won't like your stopping much longer in the City, I take it."

"Oh! they don't mind," said Michael. "I may stop here for ever for all they care."

"I would not talk that way if I was you," remarked Mr. Holding; "it is never well for young folks to set themselves altogether against their elders."

"But I haven't set myself against my elders," explained this one "young folk," desperately.

Mr. Holding shook his head sagely.

"You see, their notions may be different," he persisted; and Michael gave up the task of explanation as hopeless.

Some time after this—a long time, indeed, as months count in any place, save in London, where days and weeks fly past at express speed—Mr. Holding recurred to his clerk's supposed position.

"You said your friends were rich, didn't you?"

"Some of them are," answered the young man, not caring to enlarge upon his father's position amongst his well-to-do kindred.

"A few thousands could be raised by 'em without much difficulty, perhaps?"

Michael Gargrave thought it possible, wondering what his employer's drift was in suggesting such a question.

"Do you think, now, any of them would feel disposed to buy you a partnership in a likely business?"

Michael answered that he felt particularly sure none of them would.

"Don't approve of your taking to trade, I suppose?"

"It does not matter much to them what I take to," replied the young man, "and, indeed, there is no reason why it should matter."

"I would not talk like that, I would not, indeed," remonstrated Mr. Holding, in whose ideas, as in his conversation, there was a certain monotony.

"I am only speaking the truth," said Michael.

"Well, I dare say you are; but there may be faults on both sides. Mostly there are faults on both sides."

Michael was about to answer that he did not see in this case why Mr. Holding should imagine there need be any fault at all; but he remembered how far his father's ways had led him out of the family fold, and held his tongue.

"I know of a thing that I thought might suit them if they had any notion of the sort," Mr. Holding remarked, after a long pause.

"Any notion of what sort?" asked the young man, whose thoughts had naturally followed his employer's latest sentence.

"Buying you a share—a partnership," explained Mr. Holding, who knew Michael was still almost as ignorant of trade terms as Michael at a later period found Lucy.

"They would not think of such a thing," said the young man, decidedly; and from his tone Mr. Holding felt more satisfied still that between his clerk and his clerk's "folks" there had been what he mentally called "a few words."

The years went by. Looking forward, Michael Gargrave never would have believed that they could have so flown; but they had come and they were gone, and the days at Brayley seemed like a dream; and the stony-hearted streets of London, the grind of office work, the privations of his City experiences remained a reality. He was doing better now. His salary was larger; he understood how to manage his resources; he had learned to do without, if he had not forgotten, those small niceties of dress and habits which in the outset of a career prove such a drawback to every man who does not figuratively commence the business fight in his shirt-sleeves.

A gentleman, unless he has ample command of money, is always in a civilised country at a disadvantage when set to earn his living, because the circumstances of birth and education have taught him to need so much. Upon the other hand, he can speedily learn to do without the things he has hitherto considered necessities, because in that category he has generally placed lowest down in the list, if at all, personal luxuries—sleeping soft, eating often and of rich food, drinking of other than the simplest beverages.

At first it seems strange to have to consider such matters; but it is not difficult to deny himself; so at least Michael Gargrave discovered, and I believe his experiences will be found but the reflex of the experiences of hundreds of other brave lads from country parsonages; of "mothers' darlings," younger sons of country gentry, richer in pedigrees than acres; of all the goodly company that year after year have come up to swell the rank and file of that great and best business army which has for its motto, "Honour and honesty first; and wealth, if it please God to send it, afterwards."

Stinting himself, working hard, a very humble but a very efficient labourer amongst thousands of other labourers, Michael Gargrave had made his way upwards till he was in receipt of a fair income for so young and inexperienced a man.

A very faithful servant—a servant who would no more have dreamed of trying to form a trade for himself by stealing his master's customers and making a connection through his knowledge of his employer's correspondents than he would have thought of taking his money—a servant happily destitute of self-consciousness, of the belief that he did his work admirably, that he was too good for his position, and a "better man," morally, mentally, and socially, than the person who paid him his salary.

It was quite the contrary in some ways. Indeed, Michael felt the highest respect for Mr. Holding. Too new to London to understand the nature of Mr. Casserow and his confederates when he was copying their letters and directing their circulars, he knew now they were little if at all better than swindlers—men who, richly deserving to be prosecuted, managed nevertheless to keep themselves through all their rogueries within the letter of the law; but Mr. Holding was different altogether.

His word might well have been taken for his bond; in all the years spent in his office Michael Gargrave had never known him do a mean or dishonourable action.

His trade—a poor enough one when contrasted with that of many a man who did not work one half so hard—was as straightforward as himself. There could be no deception in it as regarded quality, and with reference to price he adopted the rule of a uniform percentage—so far as such a rule could, considering the fluctuations of cost and quantity of production, be maintained.

He had no secrets in his warehouse. His books, all of them, were open to his clerk, who could see what profits Mr. Holding made, what losses he incurred, what accounts were due to the business, what sums were owing by the business.

As to what Mr. Holding did with his profits young Gargrave knew nothing, however.

Except that he was acquainted with the address of his private house, Mr. Holding, out of business hours, might have been a total stranger to his clerk. Michael had never been asked inside his employer's doors, and it had never occurred to him that he wanted to be asked.

Of Mr. Holding in his domestic capacity, indeed, Michael never thought at all. He might have been a bachelor, a

husband, a widower, the father of many children or of none, for all the young man knew or cared about the matter.

However admirable, Mr. Holding was not a man whose acquaintance many persons who met him in business would have been likely to desire. He was taciturn, and, when he did speak, prone to deliver himself as though his utterance of any sentence were something done against his will and under protest. A man whose manners were against him, and whose appearance was against him also; but who was possessed, nevertheless, of a warm heart and a faithful nature.

One morning in the summer, after he had completed his twenty-fourth year, Michael Gargrave, having then been five summers in Mr. Holding's employment, said to that gentleman—

"Do you remember, Sir, telling me long ago that you knew of a partnership which might suit me if my friends were disposed to buy me one?"

Mr. Holding laid down his pen and confessed that he thought he did remember the circumstance.

To anyone unacquainted with his peculiarities his tone was so unpromising that the conversation might well have ended here; but his clerk had not spent five years with him in vain, and so proceeded—

"Do you happen to know of anything which would suit me now?"

"That is as it may be," answered Mr. Holding, and spoke never another word till he had finished checking off an invoice, then he said—

"So you want to leave me, Gargrave."

"No, Sir, I don't want to leave you," replied the young man, not without emotion, for there was a tone of sadness in his employer's voice. "We have been together a long time, and no one need desire a better master; but I have a little money now, and I suppose I may as well go in for making more. Money seems to be considered the only good in this world, and, at any rate, there is nothing much else left to me to live for."

Mr. Holding looked at his clerk.

"It must be a young woman this time," he thought, but he only remarked—

"I would not talk like that if I was you. Money is very good in its way. There is nothing in its way better, but it is not all for anybody—it is not all by a great deal for you."

Michael did not answer—he thought at that juncture as he had thought several times before when his rich friends were on the *tapis*, that there was no use in trying to explain matters to Mr. Holding.

There is nothing that conquers taciturnity like taciturnity. In the very nature of things if one will not speak another must. Mr. Holding had often found this necessity forced upon him by his clerk's silence, and he found it now.

"About what amount were you thinking of investing?" he asked, after a pause, which seemed longer than it actually was.

"I have been left a legacy of over two thousands pounds," answered the young man.

"Ay! I noticed you had on a black band," said Mr. Holding. "A near relation?"

"No relation at all—but the best friend I ever had in my life or ever shall have again."

"I would not say that," suggested Mr. Holding, who intended the observation as soothing.

"Why not?" asked his clerk; "It is a fact. He was only my godfather; but I loved and respected him as I never—"

Michael stopped short. He had been going to add, "as I never loved and respected my father," but he paused in time. No man had ever heard him speak lightly of his parent, and he was resolved no man ever should.

"And he has left you this sum of money?"

"Yes, all he had to leave. I never expected anything."

And the young man turned his head aside and affected to be busily engaged in sorting over some letters. This precise form of trouble was new to him, and he did not bear it so philosophically as he had had living and scant comfort in the early part of his career.

Further, Mr. Holding, this time, chanced to be right. There was a young woman—though she would have felt scandalised to think any one could dream of so designating her.

"Beware, she is fooling thee!" Michael's godfather warned him kindly and sadly.

The old man was staying in London so as to be near better medical advice than he could obtain in his own part of the country, and at his house Michael met the maiden "fair to see" who cost him, at that time, many a heartache.

A stately maiden, exceeding beautiful, with the lily and the rose sort of loveliness, blue-eyed, fair-haired. Ah! well and a-lack-a-day! and for him it was pitiful, though but play to her.

The time came when, looking in the toy-shop windows, Michael was ungallant enough to trace a strong resemblance between the plump fatuous-looking wax dolls, all tricked out in silks and laces, and his deceitful mistress, but that time was not yet; and, though the "young man" acknowledged the "young woman" to be wise enough in her generation for refusing to accept aught beyond his admiration, still the wound pained none the less for all that.

"I will turn the matter over in my mind," said Mr. Holding, after giving the young fellow time to recover himself. "The affair I mentioned long ago is still open; but I am doubtful whether it would suit you."

"Why?" asked Michael.

"It is not making the way I expected," answered Mr. Holding. "To be quite plain with you, it was a notion of my own, and I am not sure that it will ever come to much."

"I dare say it would come to enough for me."

"I can't tell. I don't know what your notions may be."

"They are not very extravagant," said Michael.

"Well, I will turn the matter over in my mind," repeated Mr. Holding, and took up another invoice as a hint that the conversation had better come to an end.

This talk took place on a Monday; and when the next Saturday came round Mr. Holding remarked,

"I think I have considered that business of yours in all its bearings; and if you would care to look at the thing I have in hand you are welcome to do so."

Michael said he was very much obliged, and he felt obliged.

"I won't have you walk into the concern in the dark," explained Mr. Holding; "so you had better come over to my place this evening and see what the affair is. If after that you think you would care for the business, why you had better take three months and turn it over in your mind. However you decide, there need be no difference between us as far as I am concerned."

Once again Michael thanked him.

"Yes, you had better come over to my place," repeated Mr. Holding, meditatively. "We can have a cup of tea, and then walk across the Marshes. Come just as you are, you know; there is not much in the way of fashion about Old Ford."

Certainly, it had never occurred to young Gargrave that

there was much in the way of fashion about Mr. Holding. Nevertheless, he made such alterations in his attire as he considered respectful to that gentleman; and, free from the dust of the City, he repaired at the hour arranged to Old Ford.

Arrived there he soon perceived that upon whatever extravagance Mr. Holding might spend the profits derived from his business, it was not on house rent, or sumptuous raiment, or luxurious living.

His residence was small and dingy; the furniture it contained old, and, though substantial, of a description that laid as little claim to convenience as to elegance. The meal to which Michael brought the healthy appetite of a person unaccustomed to dainties, was of an eminently simple character—bread and butter (the bread brown and white), a Madeira cake which no one touched; watercresses, and shrimps, a delicacy, Mr. Holding said, "I myself am very partial to," even though accompanied by strong black tea, very strong and very good, terms not often synonymous, but identical in this instance; because, as Mr. Holding explained, "I can't bear tea that has been left brewing"—could not be considered a repeat open to objection on the score of expense.

"I generally pick a bit of something about nine o'clock," remarked Mr. Holding after he had watched with satisfaction his guest working steadily down a piled-up plateful of brown bread-and-butter. "I rarely trouble about eating much in the middle of the day; so, if you are sure you won't take any more tea, we will be off now, and by the time we get back we shall find supper nearly ready. Perhaps, though, you might like to sit a while," added Mr. Holding, who from the moment Michael entered the house had quite sunk the employer in the host. "No? Then I will get my hat. Thank you, Lucy," he added, as his little daughter brought him the article named. "You never let your father speak twice for anything, or look once for it himself, do you?" and he touched her head gently with his hand, by way of caress.

He was not a demonstrative parent, and yet Michael had not been five minutes in the house before he knew there was but one thing in the world John Holding loved—his motherless child.

"She is very like you," the young man remarked, as they walked away from the house; and, indeed, between the unformed and almost plain little girl and the rugged, ragged-whiskered, world-worn man there was one of those whimsical family resemblances which are as subtle as they are impossible to define.

So far as he had thought of her at all, Michael had considered the child ugly. He saw her eyes were too large, and her mouth too wide, and her skin too sallow; but, then, her father was not beautiful, and she resembled him.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Holding, answering his companion's words. "Now, I always fancy she has a look of her mother;" and, as he spoke, there came an expression over his face Michael Gargrave had never seen on it before.

Almost in silence they pursued their way up Wick-lane, and thence across the Marshes, where, on that fine summer evening, plenty of people were walking.

"It is a pleasant place," remarked Mr. Holding; and Michael politely agreed with him, though, at the time, the calm monotony of that portion of the Lea valley did not strike him as particularly captivating.

"I have been across there in every sort of weather," observed Mr. Holding; and Michael tried to interest himself in the subject and failed.

If his employer had told him what they were going to see, the case might have been different; but Mr. Holding, having decided to hold over his secret for a crushing surprise, walked on, determinedly ignoring the topic of which both were thinking, and resolutely discouraging of others, many of which had not the remotest attraction for either of them.

It was upon that occasion Michael Gargrave received much information concerning the river Lea, and learned for certain Father Prout had nothing further from his mind than Hackney Cut and the Essex Marshes when he wrote

For the bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lea.

"That is quite another Lea," explained Mr. Holding, in answer to his companion's inquiry. "In the South of Ireland, I believe. My wife used to say those lines. She was wonderful fond of poetry and story-books."

Poor wife! poor husband! Michael would have liked to ask more about the dead woman, who was "wonderful fond" of things so much out of the husband's line of thought as poetry and story-books; but there was a set look round Mr. Holding's mouth that hindered his purpose.

The man had loved to hear those foolish verses, the meaning of which was never quite intelligible to him. He had never thought the words other than beautiful her sweet lips uttered. She had been dear to him, and everything she cared for was dear to him still, though she had been in her grave for ten long lonely years.

"She left me the child," he said more than a twelvemonth afterwards to Michael; and that legacy proved the ruling influence of his life. The child! It was for her he toiled and moiled—for her he kept "casting about" to improve his position—for her he struggled—for her he hoped.

So far as his own personal hopes went, they all perished one fair spring morning, when the larks were singing over the marshes, and the flowers were unfolding their blossoms, and the trees had donned their fair green raiment, and his dead love was lying in the darkened house, white and pure, an angel who could return to him no more, save in waking memories and in the deceitful dreams of night.

"That is the place," said Mr. Holding, pausing at length before a common-looking little cottage, with a piece of waste land stretching in front of it, and a great barn showing an expanse of red roof behind.

"That is the place."

"Oh! Is it?" answered the young man, not comprehending, but politely anxious to seem as if he knew all his companion meant to convey.

"You think there is nothing much to look at, I'll be bound?" surmised Mr. Holding, triumphantly.

"The farm buildings seem very good," said Michael.

"Have you much land?"

"It is not a farm."

"Indeed! I thought it must be. What is it, then?"

"You shall see."

They passed round the end of the cottage—Mr. Holding remarking to a man digging in the garden, who touched his hat at sight of them, "Splendid weather, Daniel,"—and reached a large yard, roughly inclosed with a fencing formed of tallow-staves. About this yard was strewed a mass of odds and ends that filled the visitor's mind with the most intense astonishment. Stacks of fire-bricks, piles of planks, tons and tons of coal, mortar, barrels of lime, crucibles, and, more extraordinary than all else even to a person whose business lay amongst such brittle ware—a heap of broken glass of the very finest and thinnest quality.

"What on earth is that!" asked Michael, pausing before this small mountain, and eyeing it all over in critical wonder. Even on Bankside he had never before seen so much

broken glass at one time; and the Bankside barges were filled with quite another sort of material than this.

"Mr. Holding contemplated the heap mournfully; and then, turning to his companion, answered,

"That is my trouble."

"Your trouble!" repeated the younger man, astonished.

"Yes. You will see later on," said Mr. Holding, opening the door of the barn, and motioning Michael to enter.

In the barn there was literally nothing to see, though, several rows of the tiles having been removed, and skylights put in, the visitor was able to view the contents of the building from end to end.

A few rough benches against the walls, a few air furnaces at the end of the shed, some metal tubes, a waste of sand on the floor, and a number of spades and shovels piled together in a corner: there was nothing else. Michael looked to Mr. Holding for information.

Close to the door by which they had entered was a small office, partitioned off from the remainder of the building with rough deals, unplanned and unpainted. Whatever the occupation carried on, it was perfectly clear not an unnecessary sixpence had been laid out for either ornament or comfort.

There was barely space for two persons to move in this office; but, turning the key in the lock, Mr. Holding invited Michael to enter. Unlike the remainder of the building, the office received light from a window introduced into the gable. Upon the flat portion of the makeshift desk stood something covered over with a square of red baize. Mr. Holding removed this baize, and then there was disclosed to view a large glass shade, such as is used for the protection from dust of statuettes, timepieces, wax flowers, and so forth.

"You see that," said Mr. Holding, triumphantly.

"Yes," Michael agreed; "I see it."

"Take it in your hands."

The young man did so.

"Look at it."

The other complied, thinking he had heard something very like all this in a game for children.

"Bring it out into the yard," said Mr. Holding, eagerly. "Or let me carry it for you," he added, resuming his character of host, which did not sit naturally upon him, and which he had for the moment forgotten.

But Michael would not permit this. He insisted upon carrying the article into the open air himself, and then once again examined it carefully, though he could no more imagine why Mr. Holding set such store by it than he could conceive what he had been dragged across the Marshes to see it.

"It is a nice bit of glass, isn't it?" observed Mr. Holding.

"Yes, it is beautifully clear," answered Michael, who had learned to be a fair judge of such matters.

"As good as anything we ever had from abroad," suggested Mr. Holding.

"I do not think we ever had anything better," agreed his clerk.

"You perceive no defect or flaw in it?"

"No; how can I? There is no defect or flaw."

Mr. Holding took the shade lovingly in his hands, looked at its domed top, its shapely sides, its clean, smooth base, and then said,

"That is what I have been doing."

He waited for a reply, and Michael was consequently forced to say,

"I am afraid I do not exactly understand."

His tone was expressive of such bewilderment that Mr. Holding smiled with a smile delightful to see on the face of so grim-looking a man.

"It is English made," he answered, protracting the explanation of the mystery.

"I thought nothing of this sort was made in England."

"Neither it is, as a rule; but I made it." The time had come to make a point, and Mr. Holding deferred his opportunity no longer.

"You did!" said Michael, in bewilderment.

"Not personally. I didn't mean that; but it was made here. This is what I have had in hand."

Michael Gargrave once again took the glass and looked it over carefully, examined it inch by inch, held it between him and the light, held it out at arms' length, held it down, held it up, then he said:

"You amaze me."

"I thought it could be done," explained Mr. Holding modestly, "and I have done it."

They put the shade back on the desk, and covered it over once again with the red baize; they then took a leisurely stroll down the works, and Mr. Holding, his mouth opened at last, delivered a lecture upon this special branch of manufacture, which he demonstrated with examples.

"But it is not what it ought to be," he finished, "the breakages are something audacious."

"Do you mean you have made all that 'cullet' here," asked Michael.

"Yes, that is just what I do mean," was the answer.

They left the works after this, and wandered away from the place together.

Up the pleasant lane leading from the Lea, past more red-tiled barns, belonging to one of the farms owned by Lord Mornington, past the well kept house of a gentleman farmer, across the Leyton road, along Green Grove Lane, and so on to Leytonstone Churchyard, where the last rays of the evening sun were falling across a grave sadly dear to Mr. Holding.

They did not pause there, however.

"It is very quiet on the waterside, near Earl Tilney's old place," remarked Mr. Holding; "we can sit down there and talk a bit."

So they went there, and beside that little lake—scene once upon a time of so grievous a tragedy—sat down and talked.

"You see," explained Mr. Holding, "business is not what it once was, or times either for that matter. My father kept a shop, where I have now the warehouse. He lived over his shop, and made money enough to bring up a family in a quiet way and start them all fair."

"I had the goodwill of the business when I began; but my mother's little annuity had to come out of the profits. I was forced to pay an assistant, when my father had my services for my keep. The business was drained almost dry by the time all the family had got their trifle paid over to them, the lease was just upon out, and the rent now for the part we have is three times over what it used to be for the whole house. Then, trade is not so good; there are more in the business, and each week some fresh man starts. You know what my profits are, and I think, if you have considered the matter at all, must see they are not immense."

"Therefore, to cut a long story short, I cast about for something else that I should like better; for, to tell you the truth, I felt the confinement in the City telling upon me, and it somehow came into my head that if I could only start a glass works, such as nobody else owned, I might, at any rate, make enough, before other folks got hold of the same notion, as would give me a little income for myself, and a moderate portion for the child. I am afraid I am tiring you."

"No," said Michael; "quite the contrary."

(Continued on page 12.)



YOUNG FACES AND OLD FASHIONS. DRAWN BY M. W. RIDLEY.



MR. QUIVERFULL'S CHRISTMAS BOX. DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

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It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but procures the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage-paid, on receipt of a cheque in payment from England.—Prepared by HENRY G. GALLUP, 433, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**WHAT BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR?**

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And pleases each one's fancy?
What adds a charm of perfect grace,
And Nature's gift enhances?
What gives a bright and beautiful gloss,
And what says each reviewer?
"That quite successful is the use
OF 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it bright and glowing?
And keeps it free from dandruff, too,
And healthy in its growing?
What does each reviewer say?
"That 'The Mexican Hair Renewer' is the best approach
OF 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
Like some bright halo beaming?
What makes the hair a perfect mass
Of splendid ringlets teeming?
What gives profusion in its waves,
Why, what says each reviewer?
"The choicest preparation is
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it so delightful?
Because to speak the honest truth
Is only just and right.
What say the people and the press,
And what says each reviewer?
"That most superb for ladies' use
Is 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other hair dressings, as evidenced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known remedy for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for, if the glands are decayed and gone, no stimulant can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following testimonials:

From Messrs. Wm. Hayes and Co., Chemists, 12, Grafton-street, Dublin:—"We are recommending **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** to all our customers as the best of the kind, as we have been told by several of our friends who tried it, that it has a wonderful effect in restoring and strengthening their hair."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**AN IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR LADIES.**

Would you have luxuriant hair,
Beautiful, and rich, and rare?
Would you have it soft and bright,
And attractive to the sight?
This you really can produce,
If you put in constant use
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

The hair it strengthens and preserves,
And thus a double purpose serves;
It beautifies—improves it, too,
And gives it a most charming hue,
And thus in each essential way,
Is public favour gained each day.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

If a single thread of hair
Of a greyish tint is there,
This "Renewer" will restore
All its colour as before,
And thus it is that vast renown
Does daily now its virtues crown—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

No matter whether faded grey,
Or falling like the leaves away,
It will renew the human hair,
And make it like itself appear;
It will revive it, beautify,
And every ardent wish supply—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp have much to do with the length of time it requires for new hair to grow; also thin or thick hair will depend much upon the vital force remaining in the hair-glands. New hairs are first seen to start around the margin of the bald spots near the permanent hair, and extending upwards until the bald spots are covered more or less thickly with fine short hair. Excessive brushing should be guarded against as soon as the small hairs make their appearance; but the scalp may be sponged with rain water to advantage occasionally. The scalp may be pressed and moved on the bone by the finger ends, which will quicken the circulation and softens the skin which have remained long bald. On applying the hair-dressing it enlivens the scalp, and in cases where the hair begins to fall a few applications will arrest it, and the new growth presents the luxuriance and colour of youth. It may be relied on as the best hair-dressing known for restoring grey or faded hair to its original colour without drying it, producing the colour within the substance of the hair, imparting a peculiar vitality to the roots, preventing the hair from falling, keeping the head cool, clean, and free from dandruff, causing new hairs to grow, unless the hair-glands are entirely decayed. **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** makes the hair soft, glossy, and luxuriant. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 3s. 6d.; or sent to any address free on receipt of 4s. in stamps. HENRY G. GALLUP, Proprietor, 433, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

When the hair is weak and faded,
Like the autumn leaves that fall,
Then is felt that sudden feel:
Which does every heart enthral,
Then we look for some specific
To arrest it on its way,
And **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**
Bids it like enchantment stay.

It arrests decaying progress,
Though the hair is thin and grey
It will strengthen and improve it,
And work wonders day by day.
It restores the colour,
And brings back its beauty, too;
For **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**
Makes it look both fresh and new.

What is the greatest hair restorer,
That the present age can show,
What produces wonders daily,
Which the world at large should know?
Why, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**
Eminently stands the first:
Thus its fame by countless thousands
Day by day is now rehearsed.

What beautifies, improves, and strengthens
Human hair of every age?
Why, this famous great restorer,
With the hair it makes the rage,
And **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**
Is the very best in use.
For luxuriant tresses always
Does its magic powers produce.

THE WORDS "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER"

are a Trade Mark; and the public will please see the words are on every case surrounding the Bottle, and the name H. G. GALLUP is blown in the bottle.

The Mexican Hair Renewer. Price 3s. 6d. Directions in German, French, and Spanish. Prepared by H. G. Gallup, 433, Oxford-street, London.

May be had of M. Swann, 12, Rue Castiglione, Paris; W. Kingston, Malta; Bathurst and Co., Calcutta; B. G. Lennon, Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope; Malabar and Co., Kingston, Jamaica; T. Plummer, Bridgetown, Barbadoes; Rowe and Co., Rangoon; Tracer and Co., Bombay; and of most respectable Dealers in all parts of the world.

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The size of these horses is 24 by 24, and beautifully coloured by hand (jockeys up).

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"As to that, Mr. Holding," said the young man, smiling, "I can decide now. I want some part of this legacy for another purpose, but the bulk of it you shall have whenever it is paid to me."

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Holding; "I can't let you plunge into the thing like a moth at a candle. It is a big stake for you, and remember, though you may win, still, you may lose."

"So be it, then," answered Michael. "Whether I win or lose, you won't hear me grumble. I would almost as soon lose with you as win with another!"

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATIONS.

Into all the details of the story narrated in the last few chapters it was happily unnecessary for Mr. Gargrave to enter when, on the morning after what he called his fight, he and Lucy met at breakfast. If it had been necessary, it is doubtful whether in his then frame of mind he could have reverted to a time so long past—to a period the ideas and hopes of which he must have found it simply impossible to recall.

But there was no need for Lucy to be told.

He had to deal with later times—with a more immediate difficulty.

"Until last night, Lucy," he began, addressing his ward, who, in the absence of Miss Gargrave, still incapacitated from headache, was pouring out the coffee, "I never thought of you as anything but a child. Although you are engaged to be married," I somehow never realised you were almost grown up. I forgot you, like myself, were growing quite old."

She looked up, and smiled. "Of course, he was old; but, after all, he did not look so immensely old as many people—Mr. Suttaby, for instance, and Russell's uncle."

Besides he looked younger when he talked freely and pleasantly, as he was doing on this bright winter's morning, while she presided over the cups and saucers.

As a rule, Mr. Gargrave did not indulge in much conversation in his own family circle. Breakfast, in particular, was with him generally a hasty and silent meal, often as not interrupted by a message from the foreman.

The change, therefore, from Mr. Gargrave silent to Mr. Gargrave talkative was not more strange than delightful. Even when he repeated his words of the previous evening, and said he wanted to speak to her about their relative positions, she only settled herself in her chair with a pretty gravity.

"You remember my taking tea with you once at Old Ford, Lucy?" he went on. "At that time I was clerk to your father, as young Terrol is clerk to me now."

"Were you?" Lucy opened her eyes wide. It seemed to her strange that he could ever have been anything like young Terrol.

"Yes; I had then been quite a long time in his employment. When I first went to your father I was quite a lad, little older than you are now. So we grew in mere process of time to know and understand each other, and he trusted me."

"He often said there was no one he trusted as he did you."

Mr. Gargrave remained silent for a moment, then he resumed: "When I had money enough we went into partnership. Your father started this place, but he wanted more capital to carry it on, and I was able to find the capital. Up to the time he met with that accident I do not believe he had ever felt seriously anxious about your future, because he always believed he could make sufficient out of this business to provide for your future. I will not say he was over sanguine, but he did think his ideas capable of being more largely carried out than—than—"

Mr. Gargrave broke off abruptly.

"At any rate," he resumed, "when he met with the accident he had not begun to save any money. He sent for me, and we talked over affairs as they stood."

"To take from the works the amount invested by him in them would then have secured you a very poor provision. In effect, we could not have taken that money out. We might have got another partner, or we might not. Except to us, there really was not money's worth about the place. As a 'growing concern' the works were profitable: but to try to realise them would have been merely to sell so many barge-loads of sand, so many crucibles, and so much personal experience and knowledge acquired with difficulty, and almost impossible to communicate. I hope I am making my meaning clear to you, Lucy?"

"I am trying to understand it," she said humbly and deprecatingly; but she need not have feared that he would feel impatient. He was thinking of the dead father and the hopeful long ago, and he had nothing in his heart at the moment save pity for the girl and self-reproach towards himself.

"Well, Lucy; your father thought there was but one thing to do. If he lived, he knew you were safe as he could make you; if he died, he thought he could trust me to look after your interests. So as not to complicate difficulties and hamper the trade at every turn, he left everything to me. He put me, to quote his own words, in his place, and I have tried, Lucy, to stand in his place, so far as might be. With all my strength I have striven to do the best I could for you as well as for myself."

"That I am sure you have," she exclaimed. "I never—never can thank you sufficiently for all your goodness."

"Ay! But I have not been good to you now; I have done ill instead of well."

"I do not understand," she said.

He told her: he did not spare himself. He spoke more of his own folly than of the roguery of Brent and Stanhope; he explained how the affair must cripple and might ruin him. He mentioned how it happened that Mrs. Brockley's money had been sent to him, and more unwillingly than all else—for the last thing, probably, of which a true man likes to speak is any religious impression—he repeated the sentence which, recurring to memory in his hour of need, decided his refusal of assistance he might be unable to repay.

"I heard the words by chance," he said; "I turned one day into a City church, where every Thursday a great preacher discourses to such citizens as care and have time to go and listen to him. The sermon did not particularly impress me at the time; but those words must have struck me, for they staid in my memory like the verse of some old ballad, and

haunted me last night till I was sick and tired of thinking about them. You see they were true," he went on, speaking almost to himself, "and I felt them to be true; so I do not ask you this morning if I did right, for I knew it would not have been right to peril the poor old lady's money. What I do ask is that you will forgive me for jeopardising your fortune."

"Had I ever any fortune to lose?" she asked playfully. "I think you are mistaken."

"No," he answered. "Money has been made here; and as I refused to take Mr. Russell Suttaby into partnership, it was my intention to pay out by degrees such amounts as might ultimately make up the share I considered you justly entitled to receive. Mr. Suttaby said he should prefer what he calls 'an agreed lump down' to any yearly payment, and he was coming over this morning to go fully into the matter with me."

She turned her ring round and round thoughtfully, then she said, "Wouldn't he lend you the money you need?"

Mr. Gargrave laughed as he answered. "No, Lucy, rich people are rarely ready lenders. Besides, he added, 'even if I were willing to ask Mr. Suttaby's help, which I am not, it would be impossible for me to do so, as he has been rather pressing for a definite settlement, or at least for a date to be named when your fortune could be paid.'"

Lucy remained silent for a minute; then she said, gravely, "I didn't know I was to have any money."

"You foolish child! Did you think I should keep it all? Have I not always been your guardian?"

"I mean," she persisted, "I did not know they wanted any money."

"Why, all young ladies have, or ought to have, fortunes."

"If I were a man I should like to marry a girl without a shilling."

"That comes of reading my sister's romances," he said.

"I would not marry anyone who had a fortune. My mother had no money, and think how my father loved her to the last day of his life. Oh! if you have really any money of mine, make haste and lose it. I should hate to have a fortune."

"I am afraid, Lucy, it is lost already. But I will do my best to replace it as speedily as may be. What I fear is your marriage may have to be deferred for a time in consequence; that thought has been troubling me greatly."

She looked at him with her great, soft, honest eyes, and answered,

"Then do not let it trouble you any more. We can wait ever so long—years and years, if that be all. And please never think again about that money. I do not want it, and I know Russell does not, either."

Mr. Gargrave entertained a decided opinion on that point, but he had no wish to discuss his impression with her.

"There is Mr. Suttaby now driving round to the counting-house, Lucy," he remarked. "I must go to him."

And so he went to tell Mr. Suttaby the best and the worst of the position.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIL DAYS.

One bitter day in the January following Mr. Gargrave's talk with Mr. Suttaby an elderly gentleman making his way with the wind up Holborn-hill met an elderly lady who was making her way against it.

Contrary to the *mot*—of the Irish wit—in this case the lady and not the wind was getting the worst of it, and when the gentleman met her she was indeed a sight to behold, a spectacle to pity.

Those were the days of crinoline; but, as her principles forbade her to walk abroad in a birdcage, the wind was making wild sport of her demure skirts, twisting them, flouting them, jeering at them and her, trying to blow her fur tippet—of an excellent quality, but obsolete pattern—off her shoulders, playing pranks with the feather in her old-fashioned bonnet, mocking everything about her, from the long black lace veil—real lace, as she said and believed, poor old lady—with which she tried to conceal her face to the tears in her faded eyes that would roll down her cheeks before, in the struggle with her enemy, she could raise a kerchief to wipe them away.

"Mrs. Brockley!" said the gentleman, pulling up. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Oh, Mr. Herron! oh, Sir!" And her tears, at length obtaining complete mastery over conventionality, poured down her cheeks; while the wind, seizing his opportunity, whisked her veil back over her bonnet, leaving her face bare to the sight of the whole passing world of London.

Evidently a man of decision, Mr. Herron took the poor lady by the shoulder and turned her with back to the frolicsome wind, tucked her arm within his, and said, "Now tell me all about it."

But poor Mrs. Brockley was quite unable to tell him all about it. The battle she had been fighting with the wind—the noise of the streets—the surprise of meeting a person from her own neighbourhood, had so disconcerted her that she could not speak a connected sentence.

"Never mind," exclaimed Mr. Herron kindly; "we'll soon be out of this row, and then we can talk in peace."

To describe Mrs. Brockley as she walked along with Mr. Herron would be simply to portray a mixture of harmless vanity, innocent pride, dread and humiliation as to the state of her attire, and an undelving grief, which no personal anxiety or exultation could cause her to forget.

Mr. Herron was the principal solicitor at Eastlea, solicitor to all the county families, a very grand personage in Mrs. Brockley's estimation, and she "took it very kind of him," she said afterwards, "to be so pleasant and friendly with an old body like me, and in the middle of London, too."

Not far from the spot where he met his townsman was a quiet hostelry, where the lawyer generally put up on the occasion of his frequent visits to town; and to this hotel he conducted his companion.

"Sit down and warm yourself," he entreated, leading her into a snug apartment, closing the door and poking the fire. "What is it? You are in some difficulty, and I can help you."

"I do not think you can, Sir," she answered; "but it is very good of you; and me taking away my bit of business."

"Pooh! Mrs. Brockley," he interrupted. "Do you suppose I bear malice about that. Ladies are sometimes apt to be headstrong. What is the trouble now. Don't think of me as a lawyer, speak as if I were only a friend."

Mrs. Brockley carried a reticule—a contemporary, probably, of the tippet and the black veil: from this she produced another pocket-handkerchief, with which she solemnly wiped her eyes, and said—

"If you please, Sir, I shall have to begin at the beginning."

"Very well," agreed Mr. Herron, and sat down resignedly.

"You know my poor dear husband had a nephew, Sir."

"Several," corrected the lawyer; "one a most turbulent fellow—Daniel—Jacob—Samuel—yes—Samuel: has he been troubling you?"

"He has always been coming to me for money, Sir, which, indeed, he ought not to have done, since I helped to make what Mr. Brockley left me; and a man, surely, has a right to do what he likes with his own."

"Humph! that's as it may be; but I suppose you gave this Samuel some and can't get it back again."

"No, Sir, I did not. I knew he was in a good way here in London—he told me himself his agency was worth three hundred a year; and he had money with his wife; and why should I give him what we earned so hard?"

"Why should you, indeed?" acquiesced Mr. Herron.

"When that mortgage was paid off," she continued, "as I could not go to you, Sir, for advice—"

Mr. Herron smiled a smile which was at once a vindication of his own astuteness and a reproach for her want of faith in his placability.

"At any rate, Sir, I did not like to go to you; and, as I scarce knew what to do about the money, I thought of young Mr. Gargrave—Mr. Michael. You remember him?"

"Of course I do—Rokeby Gargrave's son. Came up to London to make his fortune. He has done remarkably well?"

Mrs. Brockley shook her head, and began to cry again.

"Far from it, Sir. He is at this present minute in what I think Sam calls a 'Sponging-house,' close by here."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Herron. "I am shocked to hear this. But what is 'bred in the bone'—you know; and the father was—Well, we won't talk of that. To return to your money. You did not send Mallard's cheque to him, I hope?"

"Yes, I did, Sir; the very day I got it."

"And he has spent it for you! Dear! dear! Like father, like son! I am most truly sorry for you, Mrs. Brockley. I am afraid it is a bad case. We must see what can be done, though. Give me all the particulars, and I will call on his lawyers."

"But I haven't lost a penny, Sir."

"My good lady, you have just told me you had lost it all!"

"No, Sir; it was you said that. I have lost no money by Mr. Gargrave; but Sam says he has. He came down to the Villa the other day by express, dashed in like a flash of lightning, says, 'I am ruined! I am beggared! I have lost my agency, all through you and your friend Michael Gargrave. You'll have to make it up to me. As for him, he is out of the way of wheeling old women for awhile. I have got him locked up safe enough!'"

"He went on just as if he was not in his right mind. He frightened me to such a degree that I ran out of the house with only my cap on, and asked Mr. Giles, who happened to be passing, to come in and speak to him. Mr. Giles is very clever, as you know, Sir, and by degrees he gets to the rights of the story."

"It seems Mr. Gargrave lost a great deal of money by some dishonest people he had trusted, and in consequence could not pay the gentlemen for whom Sam is agent."

"He wanted time to turn round in, and all his other creditors but Sam agreed to this. Sam knew I had sent him up my money (for I told him so), and said Mr. Gargrave ought to have used it to pay him at any rate. At last, as I understand, they came to high words about the matter, and without more ado, Sam locked him up—"put the screw on," as he said. But Mr. Gargrave would not pay a bit more for that, and wrote down to the gentlemen in the country, and one of them came up and gave Sam notice, and said he would throw the whole thing into bankruptcy, and break Mr. Gargrave; and so Sam came to me, more mad than sane."

"And you returned to town with him, I suppose?"

"No, Sir." He upset me so that I was all of a tremble, and when Mr. Giles got him out of the house and away to the train, I had to go to bed. I could not lift my head, Sir; no, not if life and death had depended on my doing it; but I could think, and I did, about the poor gentleman I had known from the time he was a mere child, and who when he was a lad used to come into the Brayley Arms, free and pleasant, as if it was his own home. He was always fond of me; and he used to bring me trout he had caught, and hares he had shot; and, oh! dear!—oh! dear! dear me!"

"It does you credit, it really does," murmured Mr. Herron.

"And so you thought, Mrs. Brockley—"

"That I would come up myself and see him, and ask him to use my money, about which, as Mr. Giles said, he had acted most honourable. So I did come, Sir, by the Parliamentary. And I've seen him, Sir; and I might just as well have stopped at home. He won't touch a penny, he says. He was very pleasant, and tried to seem cheerful; but he looks broken-hearted—he does, Sir; and I am sure I am!"

"Humph!" commented Mr. Herron; and he sat silent for a minute while Mrs. Brockley wept and wiped her eyes, till, exclaiming, "I'll put this to rights," he got up and drew on his gloves and took his hat. "You must leave all to me, remember," he remarked.

"Very good, Sir," said Mrs. Brockley, meekly.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HERRON TO THE RESCUE.

Mrs. Brockley's statement was correct. Among all the persons before whom Mr. Gargrave considered it necessary to place the exact state of his affairs, only two made any difficulty about giving him the time he asked for. Those two were Mr. Samuel Brockley and Mr. Suttaby senior. The latter was unpleasant—the former very unpleasant. Mr. Suttaby did not say much, but what he did say was disagreeable.

"As I have consented to the match upon certain conditions," he finished, "I will not back out of my consent if those conditions are fulfilled. I am a man of my word. But, mark ye! there must be a limit to the time of the engagement and no marriage, unless the money is paid down."

As for Mr. Brockley, gifted by nature with a loud voice and a hectoring manner, he exasperated Mr. Gargrave to an extent which rendered all chance of an amicable settlement hopeless.

He called the debt a swindle and the man who contracted it a swindler. He said he believed he had made a purse out of his aunt's money—or rather out of his uncle's money (which I ought to have had), he stated in parenthesis. He declared Mr. Gargrave's honest scruples to be mere blinks. He threatened what he could and what he would do; and, finally, Michael Gargrave defied him. "Do your worst; but keep out of my office! Keep away, or it will be worse for you."

"Oh! if you come to that—"

"Go down those stairs, before I pitch you to the bottom of them!" interrupted Mr. Gargrave; and Mr. Samuel Brockley took the advice and went.

The next day, as Mr. Gargrave was walking out of the Fenchurch-street station, a man accosted him in quite a confidential and familiar manner, and, explaining he was officer to the Sheriff of London, told Michael he had arrested him.

"Perhaps you would like a cab, Sir? You might not like to be seen walking with me."

There was an awful brevity about the whole proceeding which took away Mr. Gargrave's breath. It seemed like a hideous dream; and one part of what he beheld in it was Mr. Samuel Brockley standing on the pavement, waving his hand in derisive farewell as the cab drove away.

What followed was like a terrible nightmare also—days spent in a sponging-house in Cursitor-street—days during which time seemed to stand still—days when for the first time in all his active life he said at dawn "Would God it were night," and at night "Would God it were morning."



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH. DRAWN BY A. E. EMSLIE.



WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE. DRAWN BY MASON JACKSON.

Not but what people called to see him. In the goodness of her heart, Mrs. Dodson—housekeeper, as she called herself at the cottage—donned her bravest attire, and went to offer her condolences.

Tommy accompanied her—Tommy, the irrepressible—Tommy, against whom Mr. Gargrave cherished an antipathy utterly ludicrous—Tommy, with swelled cheeks, a cold in his head, a great muffer round his throat, an expression of vacant wonderment in his round eyes, a bun in his hand, a screw of sweetmeats in his pocket—Tommy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow.

Exactly as he might have contemplated the lions in the Zoological Gardens, Tommy stood and stared at Mr. Gargrave, who said wincing,

"This is very kind of you, Mrs. Dodson; but I wish you had not come here. It can do no good. How is my sister?"

Mrs. Dodson reported that Miss Gargrave was well, though "upset," and hoped to see him next day.

"Tell her not to come," he answered. "I could not bear bear it." And yet perhaps he was disappointed when she whom he had sheltered obeyed his bidding and stayed away. All the more, perhaps, because Mrs. Dodson's visit—spite of the drawback of Tommy—had touched him.

"I have saved a good few pounds, Sir," she said, "and brought them with me. If not too great a liberty?"

He could not answer her for a minute, for she had brought him all her little hoard—all her treasure, and offered it freely. Instead of his sister, Lucy came the next day.

"You should not have come here, dear," he said gently. "This is no place for a young girl. How is Matilda? She ought not to have allowed you to do such a thing."

"I did not tell her," Lucy answered. She had a headache."

"She had not a headache," thought her brother, unknowingly till afterwards that she undertook a journey to Brayley on his behalf, and, being received with scant courtesy, returned home more utterly prostrated than Mrs. Dodson had ever seen her.

Lucy, too, had brought her little purse—scantily filled, it is true, but offered with such tender entreaty, such sweet hesitancy, that Michael Gargrave, looking on the face he once thought plain, marvelled to find how lovely it seemed to him.

He took the purse—a shabby little affair, frayed and worn—took it, and emptied out the few sovereigns it contained.

"I have no need of these," he said; "but I want a purse. May I keep this?"

"May you? Of course, anything. I have a much better one at home, though. You must have that."

"No, this; this only," he answered. "And now go, my dear. Of course," he added, as she rose to obey, "you have seen the Suttabys."

"Oh, yes," Lucy answered; and, in trying to make the best of things, left him with such a pain as he had not known before for years.

"What an idiot I am—what a dolt," he considered, for he knew what the pain was, and that he loved the girl with all his soul.

As for Lucy, she felt glad to think he had not questioned her further, for she had seen the Suttabys but once coming out of church, when the Miss Suttabys only acknowledged her existence with a bow, and Russell, much embarrassed, shook hands in a distant and perturbed manner, saying,

"I hope, Miss Holding, you are quite well."

In order, as he expressed it, to make things clear, old Mr. Suttaby paid Miss Gargrave a visit, in the course of which he stated the match must now be considered as finally at an end.

"I make it a rule," he said, speaking in a general way, "to have nothing to do with bankrupts and insolvents any more than with forgers, swindlers, or pickpockets. They may be very worthy people—unfortunate, and so forth. I say nothing about that; only they are not my sort."

Fanning herself languidly, though her hand literally trembled with passion, Miss Gargrave said she was very glad to hear it; and so the engagement ended.

But of all this Michael Gargrave remained in ignorance, sitting in Cursitor-street counting the hours till Mr. Brockley or some one should make him bankrupt.

"I will not do it myself," he said to his solicitor; "but that is what it must come to."

"I am afraid it is," was the answer; and still the days went by.

He was getting worn out. There were times when memory seemed to be failing him—times when he mixed up his own position with that of his dead father; when debt seemed piled on debt, and he could not even read the list he had jotted down of those to whom he owed money.

He was sitting in the dusk one evening, with an aching head and tired eyes that dreaded the light, when a gentleman was announced.

"How do you do? Long time since we met. Glad to tell you this matter is settled at last. I have a cab at the door. It won't take you long to pack up, I suppose?"

Michael rose slowly, and took the hand his visitor offered.

"I do not remember you?" he said.

"No? And yet it was through me you first came to London—that unfortunate Casserow business, you recollect. What! Still in a fog? Why, my name is Herron; and I chanced to hear of this unfortunate affair from that good Mrs. Brockley. Her nephew is—well, I owe him one. Here! Hi! Somebody come quick! Water! Brandy! Anything! Everything!"

Mr. Gargrave had fainted.

Late that night they were sitting, a sad household, at Lea Bank, when a loud knock at the door caused Mrs. Dodson to exclaim, "all in a flutter," as she subsequently stated,

"Bless us and save us, what's that?"

Trembling, she came into the narrow hall at the moment Miss Gargrave emerged from the parlour.

"Who can it be?" said Miss Gargrave, trembling also; but already the question was answered, for Lucy had slipped past both her elders and opened the door.

"Why, it's master," cried Mrs. Dodson. "Michael," screamed Miss Gargrave, and fell upon his neck, while Lucy, seizing his hand, kissed it over and over, not knowing what she did.

"Hey-dey," cried a cheerful voice, "and not a word for me who have brought back the prodigal. Here, young lady, take my hand for a moment by way of a change. Now, I wonder who you are; you remember me, I see, Miss Matilda. No; I have not come to tell you Owen is dead, he is as well as ever he was, and going to be married; but, if I stood in his cousin's shoes, after what I have just seen, I should not desire to change places with him; that I should not."

But although Mr. Herron did not bring the news he saw Miss Gargrave expected then, eighteen months later he came one morning to the cottage and broke the tidings of death and good fortune with a gravity befitting such announcements.

"The marriage never came off," he said, "though the settlements were drawn; and old Rokeby left your cousin every penny he possessed. Broke a blood-vessel or something. His mother kept it very quiet, and took him abroad again. Well, he is dead now, poor fellow! and you are the owner of Brayley, and the Rokeby property as well."

"Speak low! speak low! Let us get away from the house," said Michael, hurriedly.

"Anything the matter? Nothing wrong, I hope, with your charming wife. I shall, I suppose, have to try and think of her as a great lady for the future, though I did give her to you, though I did tell you that was the best way of uniting her interests with yours. Must we go out? Very well."

They walked away along the road leading by the water till they reached the bridge, but there, all of a sudden, Michael Gargrave stopped.

"I will meet you anywhere you like to name at one o'clock," he said, "but I cannot talk to you now. It has all come upon me too suddenly. I have been overworked; I must get away by myself for a little time."

Mr. Herron stared at him. "I am afraid you have been overworked," he said. "I always feared you were in too great a hurry to pay your debts. I will return at one o'clock. This road will take me to Stratford-le-Bow, I think. Fine church somewhere near Stratford—West Ham—yes, thank you, that is it, West Ham." And he walked away briskly, thinking Rokeby Gargrave would not have taken such news in so sad a fashion. "He'd have tossed his hat up, and been off for Brayley before now. Well, I can not say I like to see one man cock-a-whoop because another has got the route."

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

He went alone, over the lonely marshes. He left the field-paths and the wider road, and walked away over the soft, springy turf, with naught save his own thoughts for company.

At that moment the instincts of a solitary life claimed supremacy. In his time of triumph, as in his hour of sorrow, the waters of his soul seemed at once to be frozen over. Speech died away inarticulate, expression could find no outlet. Thoughts too deep for utterance, too subtle for analysis were in his heart. When Mr. Herron told him his news he hurried him away, lest in that small house some word of the conversation should inform his sister of the nature of his errand; and now, though the natural course for him to pursue might have seemed to rush off at once to communicate the tidings to those who had passed through the darkness with him, he could not do it. No; he felt he must get away, quite away, and think it all out alone—alone, himself and God.

It was a magnificent morning. The dew-drops still glittered on the leaves; there was still a dreamy haze lying across the distant forest; there was a fresh, pungent fragrance in the air—a sense of distinctness in all objects within the range of vision. High up in heaven the larks were singing their delicious songs—softly the river trickled on its course—gently the long grasses trailed their fingers in the cool water as it went rippling by; and he who walked amongst what would seem this waste of beauty—only that we feel God must have made even common things lovely for His own delight—scarce knew how to reconcile the aspect of nature with the workings of his own heart.

For he was not glad. No. I could not have so written of this man had he felt it unmixed happiness to walk across a grave to prosperity. If, a twelvemonth before, his cousin had given him or lent him a couple of thousand pounds, his feelings would have been jubilant.

Oh! ye rich, who, to the thinking of some, are so much too rich, do you ever, I wonder consider what the mere tridles you lose in your vague ventures would be to a poor struggling man of business? I fancy not. The rich are indifferent, and the poor struggling man proud. He would be glad, and the rich willing—and, perhaps, as society is now constituted, it is a simple impossibility either should understand the mind of the other; but it is sad, I sometimes fancy in my poor imagining, that he who is able to give should be so far removed from the man who requires—the man who needs from the man who desires to befriend.

Ah! if to you who read God has given much, "Remember the corn in the ground." I ask of you no more: I ask of you no less. Think, for the love of the Great God, whether the seed you are planting, is likely to produce a harvest you will care to reap; whether at this Christmas tide you have considered the poor and needy—the man who required a helping hand, the woman who wanted but small assistance to be preserved from such evil as no human language can express?

It is but little, and yet it is so much that the mightiness of its glory shall stretch from the shores of Time across the ocean of Eternity.

At the time it was given—nay, in his memory now—Mrs. Brockley's mite—which was so much to her—seemed more to him than the whole of his cousin's wealth dropped reluctantly from a dead man's hand. He had surmounted the worst of his difficulties; he was married; he was happy; he was content. What did all this waste of riches, as at first it looked like to his unwonted eyes, signify to him? Could his nature, steeped in business as it had been perforce; assimilated to his occupation as that of the hand of the dyer, be changed so suddenly that in the twinkling of an eye he should feel able to take upon himself fresh duties and fresh interests.

He experienced no wild feeling of exultation when he considered the gift Fortune had thrown to him. He did not hurry to seize it. At that first moment of possession he probably regarded his new wealth more calmly and critically than at any future period of his career.

The past seemed to arise and stand before him—the past, which his father's mad extravagance and senseless thriftlessness had rendered so much like a wild debauch, succeeded by weary morrows of shame and poverty, and hard, hard work.

For years he had turned his thoughts from these subjects; but now these things all came back to memory—ghastly shapes rising from out a dishonoured grave; and for a moment the sunlight faded and the prospect grew dim, the songs of the larks sounded afar off, and the murmuring of the water seemed to threaten instead of lull.

Then there came another recollection, and this time a blessed one. He thought of the man, poor in pocket, honest of purpose, single of heart, who walked once where he was walking, thinking only of his dead, lying white and quiet in the darkened house, which for her sake should seem for ever after lonely.

And now he was sleeping, too; but he had gone to his rest content, with no words of murmuring because his day had been hard, and the heat intense, and his burden heavy; but rather with whispered sentences of gratitude and thanksgiving that God had been so good to him, so infinitely merciful, so unspeakably gracious.

He had gone without a fear for his child, at last content to leave her; and in that moment Michael Gargrave felt an almost triumphant satisfaction in the thought that from the moment she broke down the barriers of reserve which had become a very part and parcel of his life, he had given to her more than the tenderness of a father—more than the companionship of a brother.

Already the once familiar scenes were growing old; already the hopes of morning were becoming blurred and dim, like the sorrows of the long ago.

He looked across the wide expanse of marsh to the spot

where he had known such happiness. Up into the still air the blue smoke was rising. He could see the red roofs of the barns; the trees shading the nest which held everything he loved on earth; the pleasant fields beyond, lying quiet under the sunlight. Not in all the years that had gone before did the charm of his home ever seem so great. Could he give it all up—the peace, the quiet, the modest desires, the unalloyed content? Could he go out and take his place in the great world, and find such happiness in the midst of his new state—as he had felt within the narrow territory so small that in the distance he seemed but a speck in the landscape?

He said to himself it would be difficult, almost impossible, to put on the thoughts, ideas, and habits of his new life as he might don a fresh garment; but he was deceived. Already the change he imagined wellnigh impossible was begun; already in feeling, as well as in reality, Michael Gargrave was the owner of Brayley rather than the proprietor of a Glass Works on the River Lea.

Where now was his satisfaction at the large order which that morning's post had brought? What had become of his project of sending in that tender on the morrow?

As his eyes wandered to the factory his thoughts followed in the same direction, and he smiled half sadly to think he need never trouble himself about such matters again; that the interests of yesterday were not the interests of to-day.

And then, his eyes reverting to the cottage, he smiled again, because of a thought that was all pleasure.

The previous evening Lucy, enlarging upon the woes of some widow, whose hard struggle for daily bread was likely to end, and shortly, with the breaking up of her home, said to her husband—

"Poor creature, it was pitiful to see her distress. I wish we could help her."

To which he answered, partly because he felt the case to be almost hopeless, partly because he had often to check Lucy's charitable impulses,

"So do I, dear; but we must be just before we are generous."

"That is true," she said; but he could see her thoughts were with the widow rather than with his just debts.

Now the memory of her disappointment recurred to him, and the first unqualified feeling of delight he experienced in consequence of his inheritance thrilled through him at the same moment.

No more lingering on the marshes; straight over the grass he strode to the nearest footpath.

He crossed the bridges, he walked fast beside the stream. The door of the dear house where he had found so much happiness was wide open, and in the porch stood his young wife watching for his coming.

She ran to the gate to meet him. "How fast you were walking, dear," she said, both hands clasped round his arm clad in hodden grey. "Mr. Herron brought no bad news, did he?"

"No, indeed, quite the contrary; what made you think he had?"

"You were talking so earnestly to him when you went out. 'Silly little Lucy,' he said, fondly stroking her hair."

"Yes, I am afraid I am," she answered, seriously, "for I cannot get poor Mrs. Laydon out of my mind; and I have been thinking, Michael, that as I can manage without a new dress and mantle, might I—couldn't we?—give her what they would have cost?"

He looked at her so gravely, with an expression so strange—to her so unintelligible—that she said,

"I will not say more about it, Michael, if it vexes you."

"It does not vex me, pretty one," he replied. "Do just what your heart tells you. Now run away to your widow, and make haste home again, for I want you."

"And Toller wants you," she said, as she hurried into the house to put on her bonnet.

He could not wait for her return, he was constrained to go and meet her, to take her hand and put it within his arm and hold it there while they walked on the soft sward under the shady trees together; she in such an ecstasy of delight because of the widow's happiness, that she babbled on regardless of his silence, till, at length, something in his look caused her to cry out,

"Michael, I am sure you have had bad news. What is it?"

"I have had news, dear, but not bad," was his answer; and then he told her. "You can be generous now, Lucy, and just too," he remarked, wondering at her silence. But she shook her head in answer.

She drew her hand from out his arm, and sat down on a bank by the wayside, and began absently to pull up little tufts from out the grass, picking them over absently.

"Why, Lucy, what is the matter?" asked her husband. "Do you understand what I mean? We are now rich people. We need never be anxious nor sorry about money any more."

One by one great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Lucy—Lucy!" He sat down on the bank at her side and put his arm round her, and tried to look into her face; but she hid it on his shoulder.

"What ails you, dear? Tell me," he entreated.

"I ought never to have married you," she answered, speaking in gasps, with little sobs between. "It did not matter so much while we were poor and struggling; but I am not a fit wife for you now, and I cannot be just or generous either. I cannot make you free again, and I am sorry—sorry."

"Are you?" he said. "I am not."

"I never can be a fine lady."

"No, that you can't, thank Heaven."

"Your sister has often lamented I was so unlike"—

"My dear," he interrupted, "I cannot have you say such things; you must not think them. Humbly I am grateful for the fortune which has come to me; but I would thankfully give it up this instant if keeping it involved the loss of you."

He felt her stealing a little nearer to him; he felt her soft hand touch his, and he went on, not without an effort, for he had never found it easy to speak of himself or his own feelings.

"I go back in memory to that night when I sat alone in Queen-square. I think of the words which decided my choice, 'Remember the corn in the ground.' Ah! Lucy, I could not know what I was planting then. I could not forecast what crop should spring from the seed then sown. All I knew for a certainty was that from tares a man may not reap wheat."

"The corn I put in the ground that night was but the produce of hesitating resolutions; it was scarcely of my own free will I cast it in the furrows at all, and yet what a harvest has been given to me. Friends in the time of bitterest need, and a wife whose love has been the greatest blessing of my life, without whom Brayley would be to me valueless."

He talked a little more, but that was the gist of his argument, that she was the one thing for which he most earnestly desired to offer thanksgiving.

Then, when her eyes were dry and her heart quiet, he said,

"Come dear, let us go home."

So hand in hand they wended their way adown the green lanes and across fields—where the grain was already in ear—hand in hand together—as hand in hand they have walked through life ever since, corn springing up behind them as they passed along, and ripening to a harvest they shall not fear to reap.

The Coloured Picture.

"PUSS IN BOOTS."

BY JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

A CHAT ABOUT THIS LITTLE PUSS IN BOOTS.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

"So the Cat became a great lord, and never again ran after rats and mice but for his amusement." Here ended, for the twentieth time, my Pussy-cat's tale, I mean my tale—the tale, in fact, of the celebrated Puss in Boots, the friend of the poor Miller's son, who afterwards became the great Marquis de Carabas.

And for the twentieth time came a little girl's question, "Well, and what did they do then?" In desperation I retorted, "What did *who* do when?" "Why," explained another little girl—a little older girl; "why, Zita means what did they do with the Boots?" The question then was *apropos des bottes*.

I referred to the old Fairy Book, the genuine old one, on which I and my fathers before me had been brought up. The real old book, I mean, with the highly daubed plates, showing impossible Princes and Princesses and a Lord Mayor's coach in the illustration that accompanies *Puss in Boots*.

This old book I hold in reverence as the sole authority on all questions about our ancient and well established Fairy Tales.

How many persons possess the real original edition? It must be priceless. There was a republication some few years ago, which was soon sold out. The stories are told as quaintly as are dear old Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," if I may be allowed the comparison.

So to this respectable Fairy Book—I think a Fairy God-mother must have given me mine,—but, alas! where is she now? Bless her!—I turned for an answer to this question, "What became of the boots?"

No. There was no information on the subject. Still, my audience was one that "wanted to know," and their curiosity had to be satisfied somehow. I was arranging a "continuation in our next" when little Miss Zita put another inquiry, "Weren't there any kittens?"

Yes; certainly there were. Listen. The Puss who had been such a friend to the Marquis de Carabas became Lord Grimalkin, of Katseye Castle, in Catalonia. Here he fell in love with the lovely Lady Tabitha Molrouisa, whom he married for love, and who became Lady Grimalkin, of Katseye Castle.

Lady Grimalkin, however, though beautiful, was far from strong. She suffered from nervous headaches, and couldn't bear even the sound of a mouse scratching behind the wainscot; for you may be sure that there are not many mice who allow themselves to be seen in Catalonia. For one of their tribe to be visible in that country is punishable with instant death. Now, if my lady could not stand even such a slight noise as that of a mouse in the wainscot, much less could she put up with the sound of her husband's boots as he scampered up and down stairs, and along the passages; or, above all, when on returning from the chase—the *chasse aux souris des champs*—or from a day's sport among the birds, for my Lord was a preserver as well as a destroyer, and was a deadly foe to all the poachers of his own species—when, I say, on these occasions his little foot-page, *Boot Jack*, would be in readiness to draw off the celebrated boots, which would be then thrown down with a heavy thud on the old oak floor, on which also the little foot-page generally fell backwards in the supreme effort required for this particular work.

"You can't come in here!" she used to cry out from her boudoir, when he was heard stamping towards her door. "You can't come here in those boots."

"Not in these boots!" exclaimed her lord, with some surprise.

He was a little annoyed at first, of course; but domestic happiness is paramount to a mere question of boots, even when they have such a history as these had; and then my lady was really in a delicate—or, as they pronounce it in Catalonia, a delicate—state of health.

All attempts to appease her were bootless until he presented himself before her in slippers.

So, off came his boots, silently.

The next day my lady called her husband and said, "My dear, I am sure you must feel uncomfortable without your boots."

"And I've caught a severe cold—in fact, a nasty cat-arrrh," said Grimalkin, struggling with a sneeze.

"I see," replied his wife, purring affectionately; "and believe me, my dear Tommy"—Tommy was his *petit nom*, you understand—"I am sorry you should suffer on my account."

"It's of no consequence," said my lord; and then they both purred together, in the most loving manner possible.

After a while her ladyship asked him to open the drawer of her cabinet.

He did so, and there before him was a box labelled, "A Present for a Kind Husband."

"Open it," said my lady, "and see what I have made for you."

She had worked him the most perfect pair of knitted boots, warm in winter, cool in summer, and noiseless always.

He was delighted. And then there was more purring, and more fondling.

From that moment Lord Grimalkin wore nothing on his feet but these knitted boots; and the old original clump-sole pair, which were beginning to be rather past work by this time, were presented to the celebrated Museum of Catalonia, where they may perhaps be seen to this very day, in their dilapidated condition, unless they have been sold, and walked off, with in the interim.

Soon after this memorable event, there were great rejoicings in the castle, and in the neighbourhood all about, for my lady had presented her husband with as fine, handsome, and as numerous a family, as had ever been seen, or heard of, even in Catalonia.

There were great doings at the christening, I warrant you; and the castle was filled with the cats of all countries, who arrived to take part in the rejoicings.

There were French Cats, in grey coats, and of the politest possible manners; Russian Cats, in thick furs; Spanish Cats, playing on cats-stanets; Black Cats from Africa, who amused the company immensely with negro melodies, accompanying themselves on various instruments, and dividing their rhythmical dramatic entertainments into strophés and *catas-trophés*; White Cats from Albania; Tortoise-shell Cats from the sea-coast, led by an Admiral of Great Renown from China, who was a Mandarin with nine tails; and hundreds of others, with The Cat and the Fiddle to conduct the orchestra.

As the kittens grew up, their kind mother provided each of them with mittens. But the taste for boots ran in the family, and whenever the three little kittens had lost their mittens, off their fore paws, they were invariably found neatly tied on their hind legs.

In time, old Lord and Lady Grimalkin were gathered to their ancestors, and were buried in the family Catacombs.

Some of their numerous descendants turned out rather wild, but for the most part they were highly respected by all who knew them. It is supposed that several branches of the Grimalkin family quitted Catalonia and settled about in various parts of the world; but the remarkable trait in this particular race is their partiality for boots—but especially for knitted ones.

"Did you ever know one?" asks little Miss Zita.

"Mr. Millais knew one, evidently," I reply, pointing to his picture. "Look!"

"Why, the kitten has got on the doll's little boots!" they exclaim; and there is a general feeling of pity for the poor doll, who must be suffering from cold feet, poor thing!

Miss Polly, in the picture, cannot make out where the doll's boots have gone to. She hasn't an idea that her little kitten is one of the descendants of Lord and Lady Grimalkin. Observe the expression of her eyes. She is staring out straight before her, and wondering what on earth can have become of Dolly's knitted boots!

The last place she will look for those little boots is on Tittikin's hind legs; and Tittikins, true to her Grimalkin instinct, will not give them up without a scratch.

"But how did Tittikins put them on?" asks one of the children, who is a great deal too matter-of-fact.

"How? Why, Mr. Millais put them on for her. He knows all about the Lord and Lady Grimalkin family history, and he was determined that, at Christmas time, the kitten should not be without a present of a pair of boots.

"But why didn't he give her a pair for herself, and not take the poor doll's?" asks little Gertie, who is far more interested in the doll than in the kitten.

"Perhaps," I reply, being always ready to defend an absent friend, "perhaps he didn't know that these boots were intended for the doll. I dare say she wasn't wearing them. She was in Polly's lap, being dressed, when Mr. Millais felt something purring about his legs, and, looking down, saw the kitten with a pair of knitted boots in its mouth, looking up and imploring him to put them on for her. So, as he didn't know they belonged to the doll, he took up his boot-brush and with a few masterly touches very kindly fitted them on the kitten's hind legs—and there she is."

"And will he give the doll a pair of boots too?" asks Miss Zita.

"Well," I can only say. "Perhaps he will next Christmas." But, in the mean time, little Polly may be, as the Miller's Son was, in great trouble, and then *her* Puss in Boots will advise her and help her. And, perhaps, one day Polly will say,

Pussy Cat, Pussy C. where have you been?

And Pussy will answer,

I've been to London, to see the Queen.

Just as her ancestor, the old original Puss in Boots, went to see the King, and so made his master's fortune. And perhaps Polly will become—who knows?—a great Princess, or, at least, a Marchioness, just as the Miller's Son became the Marquis of Carabas, all through having such a friend at Court as this little Puss in Boots.

"And what will she do with the doll?" inquires Gertie, who certainly thinks Dolly has been treated very unfairly.

"Dolly! Oh she will give her a beautiful Doll's House to live in."

"But she can't come out, because she has no boots."

"Then she must stay at home."

"And what will they do then?" they all want to know, one after the other.

"Well, you must ask Mr. Millais; for it's *his* little girl, not mine; and it's *his* little kitten, not mine. And as for what I've told you, it is only an idle chatter to amuse you; it is merely *apropos des bottes*."

"But will Mr. Millais tell us something more about the Boots?" asks the eldest.

"I do not know, my dears," I answer, as I make my escape from their importunities. "For, perhaps, he has quite another explanation of the picture, and, you see, *his* account of the Boots may be quite another pair of shoes altogether. Go and ask him; then come and tell me. Good-bye!"

*. The original picture, "Puss in Boots," from which our coloured engraving was taken is now the property of Mr. Marsden, of the King-street Galleries, King-street, St. James's, who intends to reproduce it as a steel engraving.

OUR NOBLE ANCESTOR.

Not empty to them is the battered casque
They fealty circle with laurel and bay—
That iron bonnet ne'er served to mask
Brow more daring, the chronicles say.

And still is his memory sweet, I ween,
As the flower that beaconed his fighting life;
His deeds of valour are ever green
As the grace of his gentle Saxon wife.

Never unready the sturdy hand,
The voice for a catch or a battle-cry;
Ready, in sooth, with beaker and brand—
Ready with wine-cup, ready to die!

A Knight in his mantlet and helm and cuisse,—
A Knight in his doublet and silken hose,—
He'd a foot for a measure in time of peace,
A grip for an axe when they wanted blows.

Cherished yet in the hearts of those
Three fair maidens who kinship claim
With rough Sir Hugh, is the red red Rose,
That fragrance lends to his splendid name.

They are odorous yet, those dead leaves, though
Many a summer hath spent its breath
Since, one to many a furious foe,
He passed to God through a joyful death.

Odorous yet! and the centuries bring
Voices like answers to souls that pray—
Voices that thrill with a searching ring
The maiden crowning that helm to-day.

To-night they'll think of the grand old soul—
The heart of purpose straight and true!
And, dipping deep in the steaming bowl,
Will drink thy memory, brave Sir Hugh!

BYRON WEBBER.

A FATAL NIGHT.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—AN EVIL OMEN.

There is a lurid glimmering in the sky,
Ghost of the blood-red sunset; wing and hoof
Of the strange beasts that guard you gabled roof
Lose in the growing night their purple dye.
One latticed window gleams more ruddily
Out of the dark; there now is put to proof
A soul that from all kinship dwells aloof,
Prey to wild thoughts and evil memory.
Crossed love, dishonoured name, and wasted wealth
Make void the world to him. Revenge alone
Is left to live for: shall he snatch by stealth
This worthless treasure? Doubting while he stays
Hell's messenger the accursed Night-Raven's tone
Croaks forth its summons foul—and he obeys.

II.—WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE.

Here was it done: here the foul blow was given.
The murderer 'scaped, and wanders far away
Never by earthly justice brought to bay.
His brow bears not the stamp of that dark even,
Nor doth he flee as one by demons driven.
Only he carries with him, night and day,
This picture:—'Neath a clouded sky of grey
A withered tree, all gaunt and tempest-riven:
A trembling hound, by a bleak pool that stands:
The white moon, shining on a whiter face:
And One who smites his brow with bloody hands
And shrieks to the dead silence of that place.
And this One is Himself: nor furthest lands,
Nor Time, of this dread foe can win him grace.

EDWARD ROSE.

THE FAIRIES' FAVOURITE.

What! Not believe in fairies! Let me tell
What once I saw with these two eyes quite well;
And "seeing is believing," I believe.
For such poor sceptics one can only grieve,
As for those doubters in the torrid zone
When told that water sometimes turns to stone.
'Tis no use arguing with such as these,
So I'll just tell my story, if you please.

Once journeying with some friends, it so befell
That we alighted on the loveliest dell,
Where fairies, one said, if such beings were,
Would rendezvous, we might most safely swear.
The day's toil o'er, we lit cigars and smoked,
Of our adventures talked, and laughed and joked,
Till silence on us gradually fell,
As twilight's veil dropped softly o'er that dell.
With sharp, quick turnings bats around us flew,
And owls on winnowing wings—tu-whit, tu-whoo!
Some dozed, and some, I know, sonorous slept;
Mine eyes the while wide-open vigil kept.
And as I puffed and silent mused, behold!
Most lovely creatures, clad in green and gold,
Upon a shimmering moonbeam gaily riding,
Came swarming—tripping, twirling, twinkling, gliding—
Till all the space was filled to overflowing
With airy sprites for ever coming, going.
Words at the best are feeble to describe
The pretty tricks of this most tricky tribe.
Some slid on acorns, some heels over head
(Not head o'er heels, be it in brackets said)
Came tumbling, with vagaries ever new.
They crawled and crept, they danced and leapt; then flew
In many a mazy circle round and round;
Now pirouetting singly on the ground;
And now coquetting, with small mincing paces,
Like fine Court ladies with their airs and graces.
There came a squirrel, that, to my surprise,
Stared at them calmly, with his large round eyes,
And not at all afraid, but quite sedate,
An acorn from their dainty fingers ate;
Nor did they fear that he might scratch or bite—
'Twas plain he was the Fairies' Favourite.

The moonbeam faded—straightway with the same
Fled all the fairies, sudden as they came.
There was the squirrel, but the fairy host
Had vanished in a twinkling, like a ghost.

When this I told my friends, some laughed outright,
Said no such vision fair had blessed their sight—
(How could they see when they were fast asleep?)
One hinted they the whisky jar must keep
In their own charge; another, jeering, said
The moon must have affected my poor head.
But "seeing is believing"—this I hold
A sterling truth of eighteen-carat gold.
Lucky for me, a comrade who could draw
Saw the same sight, and sketched what we both saw—
Not now by any to be contradicted,
For here it is in black and white depicted;
The counterpart of that which blessed my vision—
Identically the same scene elysian;
But what I've striven by pen to show in vain,
His vivid pencil brings to life again.—J. L.

YOUNG FACES AND OLD FASHIONS.

A show of fashions of the long dead years—
Ruffe, smock, tabby, cap, and red-heeled shoe;
Old robes familiar with smiles and tears;
Masks of black satin, flowery gowns once blue.

Quaint modes, which wake such laughter in girls' eyes,
As will be waked in other eyes by ours:
Poor relics of the past; faint memories
Cling to them still of all their busy hours.

Beneath this paduasoy Belinda's heart
Beat, maybe; in that lustring Siddons played;
Bold Lady Mary edged her beauty's dart,
For Pope, too bright before, with this brocade.

That dusty mask the lustre of Lepel
With sable shadow might have helped to mar;
Brave in this flowery silk, far down the Mell
Did gracious Bellenden beam like a star?

It may be. They have set, long past away.
No prayer can bring them back, nor bended knees.
But boots it aught to dim our heaven to-day
By thinking our suns, too, must set like these?

No. Let us rather boast, though all unbid
Such sad thought come, that never so divine
A form as Julie's by this robe was hid,
Nor, Nellie, by that mask a smile like thine!

JAMES MEW.



THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. DRAWN BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



THE FINISHING TOUCH. DRAWN BY H. S. MARKS, A.R.A.

THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

This is a mere customary phrase to acknowledge gifts which one may or may not have wanted, but which one feels it would be inexpedient to decline. In the present instance, however, there is a matter of personal feeling between the giver and receiver, which does credit to both of them. In the rural parish of Mudgebury, fourteen miles from the nearest market town, which is Hogford St. Mary, and just in the loamiest level district of East Beanshire, stood the mansion of a worthy Anglican presbyter, the younger son of an Earl. The Honourable and Reverend Horatio Benedictus Vipont, Master of Arts, and sometime Fellow of Boanerges College, in the University of Camford, held the Rectory of Mudgebury-cum-Pebbleton, worth eight hundred a year, since the accession of Queen Victoria. He had further inherited a family bequest to the annual value of six hundred, which raised his life-income to an equality with some of the untitled landowning gentry of the neighbourhood; but after the death of his father, the late Earl of Brock, circumstances had deprived Mr. Vipont of the opportunity, for which he cared but little, of frequenting the aristocratic society open to a man of birth. His elder brother Francis, while only yet styled Lord Whistleton, had fallen in the Crimean battles, leaving the young future Earl, an ungracious spoiled boy at Harrow, to the charge of a silly mother. Her Ladyship soon quarrelled with Mr. Vipont, declined to hear his advice, or even to receive him at Brockwood Hall, and the uncle had to suffer the grief of hearing, for the next ten years, worse and worse accounts of his noble nephew's profligate behaviour.

But in his own comfortable household at the Mudgebury parsonage, so long as the beloved wife of his youth was permitted to share that dwelling, Mr. Vipont enjoyed an amount of domestic felicity for which, as a sound Protestant clergyman, he was sincerely grateful, comparing his blameless matrimonial bliss with the celibacy of Romish priesthood. During thirty years of tranquil residence and easy clerical duty, his life was cheered by the constant affection of his amiable lady, the daughter of Archdeacon Palk; and their elder children, one by one, departed from beneath the parental roof, Horace to enter the Army, Julia to marry a rising clerk in the Red Tape Office, Antony, the bookish brother, to win a tutorship at St. Boanerges. Then came a sudden stroke of irreparable loss and all but inconsolable bereavement, accompanying the birth of the youngest child, little Ethel Vipont, who is now a sweet girl of ten motherless years. The widower, bearing his great sorrow with Christian fortitude, thenceforth bestowed more diligence than before on the pastoral visitation of his flock, homely and humble folk as they were; his public ministry also displayed greater zeal for souls, a more earnest and thorough discourse in the pulpit, and he was ever assiduous in the direction of the parish schools. But, if there was any poor husband in the village who chanced to lose that crown more priceless than rubies, a good and faithful wife—to him, with a heart-felt sympathy, and with a manly tenderness that was irresistible, would the Rector most eagerly proffer all he could of divine and humane consolation.

Such a case was that of Farmer Briggs, the tenant of Pebbleton Grange, when poor Mrs. Briggs, after long suffering from cancer, died three winters ago. Mr. Vipont then earned the lasting gratitude of her spouse by his frank and brotherly response to a natural sorrow, which his own former experience had made him capable of understanding. Peter Briggs was a sort of man who had few words at command at any time; but who, under the influence of strong emotion, would become utterly speechless, while the eloquence that his tongue could not utter poured forth in his eyes, not merely with looks of passionate feeling, but with a copious flow of tears down his rugged and sun-burnt cheeks. The same kind of expression we have often seen displayed with intense vehemence in the face of a dumb animal, a distressed horse, cow, deer, or dog; and this silent gaze of wistful fondness with which the sensitive creature, your spaniel or retriever, will plead against your harsh rebuke or mere neglect, has been felt to be really affecting. Now, Peter Briggs was one of that good, honest, true-hearted, simple-minded, artless kind of men who greatly resemble big, good-tempered dogs. It is not worth while to report a word of what he said to the Rector. The reader may fancy how he looked, or may turn the page to an Engraving called "Thankfully received," drawn by Mr. C. Gregory for this Christmas publication. There stands the Hon. and Rev. H. B. Vipont, with his dear little Ethel beside him, the only remaining members of the family now in the rather stately Rectory-house. The dignified air of high-bred urbanity and mental culture, with the strictly clerical attire, somewhat old-fashioned in point of watch seals and gaiters, must be recognised as quite in character. He is a good specimen of the regular country clergyman, well connected, well educated, well benefited, and well behaved; in doctrine a model of Via Media correctness, in parish work fairly up to his Church's standard, but with the peculiarities of the last generation. The Church of England alone can exhibit this peculiar type, which may or may not correspond with some notions of the Apostolic, the Evangelical or the Sacerdotal, but which has a certain social value in common English life. Farmer Briggs, as we perceive, has driven his pony-cart over from Pebbleton, on the day before Christmas, bringing his yearly token of

grateful remembrance to the kind and discreet pastor who once showed him, by the light of the Gospel, how to frame his mind to serene and hopeful faith in the hour of his bitter affliction. And the Rector, being a perfect gentleman, cheerfully accepts the simple gift of a contribution to his larder, though he is already overstocked. The fine plump bird is "thankfully received," because it is a pledge of neighbourly kindness. The Rector of this parish is a tolerably rich man, but not half so rich as the Squire, and the Rector gives twice as much in charities to the poor. O. P. Q.

LUCKY DOG.

My lady smiles on him.
To me no favours fall.
His form is fair and slim
I am not fair at all:
My face is somewhat grim,
His head's symmetrical
Although his brains are small.

Yet I can love as well
As twenty dogs like that.
My eyes my passion tell
Albeit my nose is flat.
I'd fight for Lady Bell—
He'd tremble at a rat
And fly before a cat.

I gaze upon his bliss
With short despairing sneezes.
Sometimes I think it is
From love my lady teases
Her faithful pug like this—
Ah then, cease doleful wheezes
Do she whate'er she pleases!

Still sad I sit and blink
Her memory to jog.
I shiver, quiver, shrink;
E'en were it raised to flog
I'd kiss her hand—and think,
With such an epilogue,
Myself a lucky dog!—E. R.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

Somewhere down in Devonshire, on the margin of a miniature river that in summer gleams in the almost Italian sunlight like polished emerald and chrysoprase, reflecting a thousand lovely hues of dewy herbage and fern, and dripping moss and lichen, I know a small church and vicarage, wellnigh lost to view amidst the tall ancestral trees of a neighbouring manor—like the memorials of departed worth overgrown by lush flowery verdure in the adjacent churchyard. The inmates of that secluded cottage—for it is no more—seemed (when I saw them), by their pious, primitive life, to straight recall the story of Wakefield's Vicar and his beautiful daughters, with all the idyllic simplicity of that pathetic tale. The illusion was heightened by the dress of the girls, the elder one in particular, who, "careless of beauty, for she was Beauty's self," was attired in all the heedless grace of mob-cap and fichu, and flowered chintz gown, as though the fashion of a hundred years ago still lingered in that remote nook. The fashion harmonised perfectly with her frank, handsome face, and, at the same time, served as a foil to her luxuriant black hair and her lustrously-rich yet softly-shaded black eyes. A truer gentlewoman never lived, though I know not if she had "blue blood" in her veins; more probably she was of pure Celtic descent from the Ancient Britons of the West. And for such an embodiment of purest maidenhood the noblest Knight of Arthur's Table Round might well nerve himself for loftiest emprise, with a devotion equal to that of Sir Galahad in quest of the Holy Grail. I could wish to find an artist with taste quite congenial to the theme, who would help me to realise that Vicar's daughter to my readers. I think he would evoke a sense—that would steal over us sweet as the fragrance of the damask-rose that nestled in that gentle bosom—of the nameless charm of that eighteenth-century English compound of homely negligence with demure primness; a charm more delicious than that of Greuze, with none of his immodesty. This might be the first impression from the painter's art. But his realisation would suggest this and much more to my readers. Men with the chastened reverence of age for beauty and love might bend grave moist eyes on the sweet face and dream of a daughter or other loved and lost one of long, long ago. Young men might think with hope and pride, or with tremor and sigh, of one such dearer than life itself; and maidens might find a likeness to an absent yet not the less cherished friend. Children might picture to themselves a dear sister and second mother. To some poor afflicted soul she might recall a very angel of patience and compassion; whilst the rich and prosperous could find in her the type of the best and purest medium for administering that merciful charity which at this season is twice—nay, thrice blessed. THOS. J. GULLICK.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The Grandsire's head is like a hill
White in its wintry cap of snow;
The old man's heart is glowing still
As warm as sixty years ago.

When Grandmother, a brisk young maid,
Returned with joy his manly love,
Beneath the Mistletoe she strayed
Its virtues with a kiss to prove.

But see! her grandchild now, and his,
Long after she has gone to Heaven,
Receives her ancient sweetheart's kiss,
With blessings to this Baby given.

R. S. T.

MR. QUIVERFULL'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

"Believe me, I loved you at first sight! A life's devotion is yours—coupled with the emoluments derived by me (no small income, including commission) as commercial traveller for the City firm of Sniptick and Co. Will you?"

The rest of this amorous speech was lost to me. Quite unintentionally, the first part of it was overheard by me as I leant over the railing of the captain's bridge and sent a blue cloud rolling from my trusty brier, wondering the while how much longer my friend Quiverfull would be away on his mission to the cabin.

Jim Quiverfull, I knew, would have been a far less calm listener to this avowal than I was. Jim could never resist a pretty face. And there was no denying that our fair fellow-passenger was pretty and winsome to the tips of her fingers. A wealth of flossy hair crowned a witching face, with cheeks rosy with the healthy red of a quarantine apple; and the sauciest blue eyes, shaded with dark lashes, shot out the most coquettish glances, as if by instinct, whenever any one of the rougher sex was nigh the seductive little damsel in a neat black merino dress and the most piquante hat one ever set eyes on. She couldn't help being fascinating. It came quite natural to her—that was plain, but the only thing plain about the gay-hearted creature. Jim struck his colours directly he saw her. In fact, nearly all the men on board did, from the Captain downwards. It was our bronzed and gallant Captain who escorted the little lady up to the bridge, and had a camp-stool placed for her behind the snug storm-screen, the seclusion of which had tempted the bagman to steal a march on Jim, and to make a proposal (just as he might have cajoled a mercer into buying a bale of silk) whilst Jim had gone down to borrow a rug for the fair charmer, with whom, it should in justice be mentioned, he was the first to make the running.

Presently I ventured to look round, and noted that one of our beauty's dainty boots was impatiently beating time to the throbbing engine, whilst the dapper bagman was pulling his drab whiskers morosely as he slunk down the ladder, and Captain Hanson seemed to be nervously pacing to and fro close to the storm-screen. What could Jim be doing all this while?

"I've a snugger berth as skipper of the Cupid than you might think, Missie. More than that—dash it, Missie, I'm no hand at this kind of navigation, but if?"

Hang me if the Captain hadn't followed the bagman's example! However, I was determined to be an unwitting hearer of this sort of thing no longer. So I quietly made the best of my way down to the deck. Here was Jim at last! Not only laden with a cosy Paisley shawl, but having in his hands a tray freighted with a toothsome luncheon. The epicurean rogue! Jim was clearly bearing his offering to the shrine.

"Oh, thanks, very much! you're too good!" came hissing from the red lips of the incorrigible flirt, as she sent a violet shaft straight into Jim's grey eyes. From that moment Jim was irrevocably done for. The offering was clear. Poor Captain Hanson's fate was obvious from the rigidity of his attitude and the jerky abruptness of his manual signs to the steersman. As for the cosy luncheon, let me not dwell upon our fairy's crowning victory, nor upon the forging, link by link, of the chain that was destined to bind poor Jim Quiverfull to Araminta Sleekington very soon after their return from the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

Eleven years have flown past like the wind since the fair Araminta, the admired of many, honoured Jim with her hand. Whether their union has been happy may be gathered from the characteristic epistle Jim has just written to me:—

My dear Phil,—Congratulate me. Jim Quiverfull's quiver is full, with a vengeance. I should be happy. I was playing with the youngsters this morning in Little Babel—or Nursery, if you like—when the door was thrown open, and, fancy! the old nurse came smiling in with a babe on each arm, and this message on her lips, "Missus's Christmas Box, Sir! She's sent it early this year; and a finer pair, boy and girl, I've never seen!" Now, don't laugh till you're out of the wood! You promised, Phil, to be godfather to my next. So you must be godfather to both, old fellow! But what shall we call them? It is imperative that they form another chapter of our "History for the Hearth" (copyright reserved). What names have we used up? Our firstborn came about a year after that memorable visit with dear Araminta to the '67 Paris Exhibition. What more apt, then, than the name of Eugénie for our first girl? By 1869, Gladstone was at the height of his popularity; and so we dubbed our first boy William. In '70 fell the French Empire; and hence Lulu's name. In '71, Germany completed her conquest of France; and Fritz was christened after the Crown Prince. How could we more fitly celebrate the Queen's victory over King Koffee in '73 than by calling our next little girl Victoria? In '75 our most mischievous brat made his appearance, and "Young Turk" naturally became his nickname, though I well remember coming home, Phil, with a breathless fear during that critical time last year, when the poor little fellow lay wan and feeble in his cradle, and every night we feared lest the wee one should vanish into the silent land. But, thanks be to loving nurses and our devoted doctor, "Young Turk's" himself again. Ah! you little know how these tiny ones cling like tendrils round the heart until you've won the experience for yourself, Phil. And somehow it comes true that the fuller one's quiver gets, the abler one is to meet "the enemy at the gate;" for when things look darkest something always turns up to provide the wherewithal for butcher and baker, milkman and tailor. But what shall we name the twins? I have it. War is over. We all long for a New Year of Peace and Friendship with every Power. Let's christen them Alfred and Marie in token that as two Imperial Families are, or should be, bound together by a Marie and an Alfred, so should the two Empires be pacifically united. Yours, happily, JIM QUIVERFULL.

P.S.—It never rains but it pours. Two more Christmas Boxes just to hand. But this time they take the form of a couple of hampers sent every year to Araminta (doing very well, thank you!), and she shrewdly suspects they come from the two rivals I cut out on board the Cupid!

PHILIP.

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It acts as a detergent after smoking.
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With its perfume rich and rare;
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Which the general nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth,
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums it assumes a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower:
For in this liquid gem we trace—
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And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
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That science can produce
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An all-absorbing theme,
Whilst general now becomes the use,
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes.
However long they've been,
The enamel, too, it will preserve.
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

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For the TEETH and BREATH.

It may or may not be generally known that microscopical
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gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and
gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may
easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful micro-
scope over a partially decayed tooth, and he will find that the living animalcule
will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than
anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the
FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered
able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites
without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender
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"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their cele-
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that the public mind should be called to it. The most deli-
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beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used
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I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! It is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly as silently they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath.
But a certain preservative Gallup has found,
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
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That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
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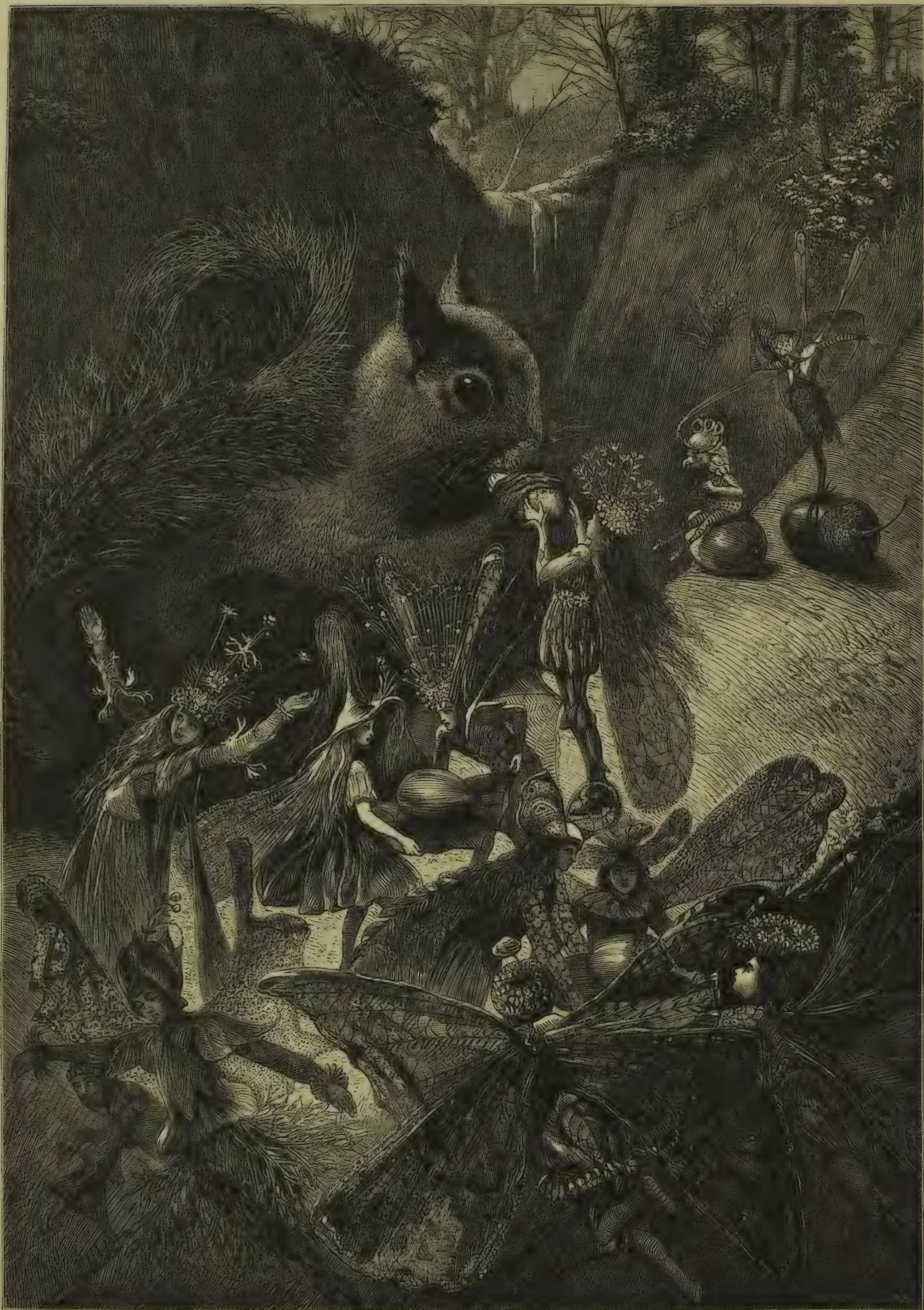
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palace.

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permitted, when, by simply using SOZODONT, any teeth, how-
ever fragile, may be preserved from decay or blight as long as
life lasts?

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gates" of the mouth always spotless, and the breath always
fragrant, it is only necessary to use the SOZODONT daily.

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when brushed with it, like the inner surface of an ocean
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"Sir,—Having suffered for some time from an obstinate cough,
accompanied with fever, continuous headaches, and sleepless
night, I resolved, after having vainly tried several other medi-
cines, to have recourse to your BALM OF ANISEED. I
cannot resist, Sir, the desire of making you acquainted with the
really marvellous results which I derived from it. From the
first dose I felt great relief, the bad symptoms grew fewer,
the irritation of the throat was calmed down, and I recovered
the sleep which had nearly left me. The third dose delivered
me completely, and I am now completely restored to health.
"Receive, Sir, with the expression of my gratitude, the
assurance of my distinguished sentiments."
"DUC DE MONTAIGU."

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"Sir,—I have for a long time suffered from a severe cough,
and tried all manner of remedies. Dr. Liebreich advised
POWELL'S BALM OF ANISEED. It cured me after a few
days. You are the only one who has cured me. I feel
may be of service to others. I am, Sir, your
"London."

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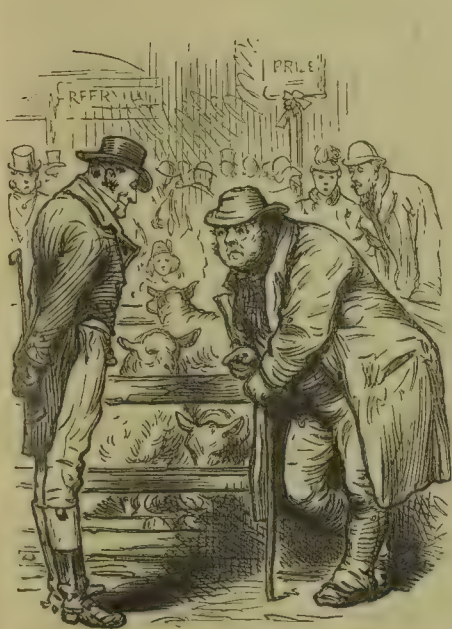


THIRD PART.



THE WHOLE.

No. III.



FIRST PART.



SECOND PART.



THIRD PART.



THE WHOLE.

No. IV.



FIRST PART.



SECOND PART.



THIRD PART.



THE WHOLE.

DANCING WAS DANCING IN THOSE DAYS.

"Hoity-toity! young madam, when I was a dancer,
And your grandmother (God bless her!) we both of us danced;
At the County Assemblies, child—I'm no romancer—
When we took the floor every soul was entranced.
Now-a-days there's no dancing; it's nothing but gliding
And walking and bowing, by parcels of fools!
We never were given to sinking and sliding—
It was toe-ing and heel-ing we learnt in the schools."

"Confess, you sly puss, what that ghost of a groan meant.
How dare you? Our dancing a series of jumps!
Before the night ends you shall make me atonement:
You never will stand in your grandmother's pumps!
Look at her portrait, there, painted by Lawrence,
And marvel no longer that reason nor rhyme
I find in your fashions, 'tis simply abhorrence
That I entertain for the ways of the time."

"Our fashions. What ailed them? At least they were urban,
And they lasted much longer than fashions last now.
When your grandmother wore her best feathers and turban,
She looked like an empress 'with pride on her brow.'
And I—ah! That costume, why, why did they shelve it?
(We wore it when England did nothing by halves)
That coat with gilt buttons and collar of velvet—
That garment which clothed, without hiding one's calves!"

"A Buck was a Buck (galligaskins and gaiters!)
When a neat ball-room costume embellished his form;
But the Bucks of to-day might be so many waiters,
Were it not for the gibus each wears to keep warm.
And as for deportment, I'm doubtful, Miss, whether
It did not decline when some rickety knave
Introduced a reform in the garments called nether,
And made every one to his habits a slave."

"Alas! for the days of the gorgeous Prince Regent!
And Brummel, who helped him the fashions to forge!
When one or the other great creature was the gent-
leman all of us copied, by George!
I once was made happy by dancing before him,
With your grandmother (drest in white satin and pearls),
When he said, 'Egad, famous!' I bowed, to adore him;
When he smiled, she blushed coyly, the proudest of girls!"

"Yes, dancing was dancing when I was a youth, dear,
As Drury's Professor, de Cormack, knows well;
Ah! he could convince you there's nothing but truth, dear,
In the fragments of tales you've provoked me to tell.
But for gout and rheumatics, I'd wager a thimble
Of gold I could show you young caperers yet
The right way to foot it—but no! I am nimble
No longer. Good-night! So, kiss me, my pet!"

B. W.

MY LADY'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

In this blessed holiday, or holy, time, which brings "good-will" to all, we naturally turn with fresh affection to our children and child-friends; for "charity" should "begin at home;" and we have our children, like the poor, "always with us"—we can always procure the well-being and promote the happiness of those dear little retainers. And so we have come to give children's Christmas parties—the pleasantest invention and prettiest sight of our recent social life. One such party has a little lady-heiress within our cognizance graced with the beauty of her fair face, fresh as the bud of a blush-rose, and the radiance of her golden, flowing hair, fashionably festooned with flowers and braided with ribbons; and with all the bravery of Chinese-blue satin sash, and duchesse point flounce, clocked-silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, and gorgeous bouquet of hot-house exotics. But the time must arrive, sooner or later, to quit the ball-room—her ladyship, perhaps, begins to feel tired and sleepy, and the little head begins to ache. So the kind *bonne* in attendance takes her fan, and, to protect her against the cold, snowy night, enfolds her in warm fleecy scarf, and ermine and quilted cloak. And there I see her standing at the foot of the grand staircase, among the flowering plants brought for the occasion from the conservatory, till her carriage shall draw up. As she stands there so demurely buttoning her gloves, I wonder whether she vaguely realises that she has been the belle of the evening on this the first, it may well be, of a long series of similar gaieties—the prelude of a later presentation fraught with far more import.

And when to-morrow comes how pleasant it will be to hear her prattle to Mamma, on her visit to the nursery, about the gay doings over night. I think I hear her babbling in words like these:—"The place and the people were all so strange to me, dear Mamma, I felt like Alice in Wonderland; only it was all quite real, you know. Such dazzling lights, such lovely dresses, such beautiful music, such delightful dances, you would not believe. I danced nearly every dance—twice with Sir Reginald. He has large black eyes, you know; not blue, like mine. He wrote his name so nicely on my list of engagements! I brought the pretty programme-book away with me, and am going to keep it for his sake—may I not, Mamma? In the *cotillon*, too, I did not wipe the mirror when he came behind me, but took him for a partner. But when he was going to kneel to me I drew the cushion away for fun—I fear it was naughty, dear Mamma—he was so angry, and called me 'coquette.' Afterwards we made it up and he took me to supper—oh, such a splendid supper! What do you think he drew from a 'cossaque'—I think they call it?—a foolscap! I made him wear it, and he looked so very funny in it I clapped my hands and laughed very much. He was angry again, but we made it up once more over a lovely bon-bon with such pretty lines. I was so sorry when the time came to go; and I was almost afraid when the butler, or porter, called out so grandly, 'My lady's carriage stops the way,' and the tall footmen stood waiting for little me, as though it were you, Mamma. But oh, what dreadful faces were those out in the dark cold night! I thought one woman might be a wicked fairy watching to make me a changeling for the pale, hungry-looking child at her side. But my *bonne* was there, and James, and the policeman, so I felt safe. Oh! but what do you think I dreamt last night? I dreamt all that you told me of the Child Jesus, and the star of Bethlehem, and the wise men's offerings—I wonder if they made Jesus as rich as I am?—and of the flight into Egypt, and the wide desert—its burning sun by day, its brilliant stars by night—and the roaring of the lions. Then I dreamt of that cruel, cruel Herod, and woke crying, and fancied I heard creaking footsteps creeping towards me; but it was only the hissing of the snowflakes as they fell into the fire. Then I heard soft music in the air, like the angels' music that the shepherds heard; and, listening, I fell asleep again—oh, so sweetly!—and did not wake till broad daylight this Christmas morning." Sweet be thy slumbers ever, fair child, with the blessing on thy head of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," without distinction of fair or deformed, rich or poor.

T. J. G.

THE CHRISTMAS BOAR'S-HEAD;

ITS LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

Presented to the reader's notice on another page, is the portrait (surely, it must be a portrait! it is so lifelike) of a mediæval man of mark—I might say a man of Marks; for he has been limned by the faithful pencil of the popular painter Henry Stacey Marks, A.R.A., who, from the days when he produced his Gargoyle carver, or his "Toothache in the Middle Ages," has annually set before us so many subjects for our admiration and delight. He has here given us a middle-age scene, with work for the teeth, though, we may hope, not to be followed by the toothache; but the tusks of that boar's head—the Cook's masterpiece, to which he has just put the finishing touch—are suggestive of teeth and their work. Those "cruel tusks," as Spenser calls them, must have been whetted "with foaming wrath;" and now the entire head is ready to be served up, to whet the appetite of the Christmas guest, at the table of some baronial mansion or College hall.

Duly dressed and garnished, and with the lemon in its open jaws, the Cook regards his completed work with the eye of an artist who is satisfied with the perfected result. It is now ready to be borne with triumphal procession into the Banqueting-hall, there to inaugurate the Christmas dinner, while the Cook, professionally attired, and as jolly as the season, looks lovingly upon his triumph of culinary art, as it lies in the silver dish on the massive oak table. It may be in some huge kitchen, like to that in Durham Castle, where the Prince-Bishops kept good Christmas cheer; or in that of "Burghley House, by Stamford town," which was a portion of the old monastic buildings of the Abbots of Peterborough; and, from its dimensions, and the great height of its vaulted roof, is one of the finest kitchens in England. In it hangs a large and remarkable picture of a huge ox, laid open and ready for the Christmas cooking, it is painted in the artist's best style, and that artist was none other than Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who was so fond of a boar-hunt for the subject of his brush. Or that dish with the Boar's head may be on the table of a kitchen in some College, like to that at Queen's College, Oxford, where, from time immemorial, it has been the custom to bring in the Boar's-head with great ceremony for the Christmas-Day dinner. A full-page drawing of this scene was given many years ago in this Journal by Mr. T. L. Williams. It showed the procession passing up the Hall between a crowd of spectators, ladies also being in the end gallery; the dish was borne high overhead by two bearers, while the choristers, both men and boys, in their surplices, preceded and followed the dish of ceremony, singing the carol commencing with the Latin couplet, "Caput Apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino." This Carol was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, and has been regularly sung down to the present day, though the words of the Carol have been occasionally varied. Slightly differing versions are to be found in Warton, in a manuscript in the Bodleian, in Dibdin, in Ritson, and in Hearne, but the variations in the three verses are not very important.

The Rev. John Pointer, in his *Oxoniensis Academia* (1749), after speaking of the curious New-Year's custom at Queen's College, when the Bursar presented to each member a needle and thread, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty"—the *aiguille et fils* being a rebus on the name of the founder, Robert de Eglesfield, Chaplain to Queen Philippa—goes on to mention the Christmas-Day custom of the Boar's-head, "or the Figure of one in Wood, ushered in very solemnly with an old Song, in Memory of a noble Exploit (as Tradition goes) by a Scholar (a Tabardar) of this College, in killing a Wild Boar in Shot-over Wood." The legend of this modern Meleager and academical Diarmid is to the effect that, when he encountered the boar, he was studying his Aristotle, and had come to the concluding words of the fifth stanza of "Græcum est;" when, calling out those words as the boar rushed upon him, he thrust the book into its open jaws, whereupon it logically followed that the animal fell dead, and was carried in triumph to the College.

In serving up the Boar's-head, the brawn of the tusked swine," as Chaucer says, it was customary to deck it, so that it "frowned on high, crested with bays and rosemary" in the way described in Sir Walter Scott's oft-quoted lines from "Marmion." Within the opened jaws was a pippin, orange, or lemon, according to the taste of the cook, and, for sauce, "like himself, offensive to its foes, the roguish mustard," as was mentioned by William King, in his poem, "The Art of Cookery." This mustard was much insisted on in all the earliest Carols that were sung at the bringing-in of the Boar's-head, including that beginning with the lines, "Hey! hey! hey! hey! the Boar's-head with mustard armed so gay," which dates to a manuscript of the fifteenth century. In the "Caput Apri defero" carol "the Boar's-head with mustard" is mentioned as cheering the guests. In the carol "The Boar is dead," that was sung at St. John's College, Oxford, at the Christmas banquet given to Prince Henry in 1607, is the couplet, "Let this Boar's-head and mustard, Stand for pig, goose, and custard;" which is the only rhyme for mustard that I have met with in the ancient carols; for "mustard," in another carol, can hardly be accepted as a rhyme to "steward." In one carol the guest is instructed that "in the mustard ye shall whet," when eating the Boar's-head; and in another old carol bread is added to the mustard, "Eat, and much good do it you; Take your bread and mustard thereto."

The Boar's-head, on Christmas Day, was served up on a dish, usually of silver, and sometimes of gold, and was borne from the kitchen to the hall, with great pomp and rejoicing, with the sound of music from the minstrels, the blowing of trumpets by the heralds, and the jingling of the jester's bells. The person who had the honour to bear the dish was called the Sewer, and was sometimes the Cook; though, occasionally, the noblest in the land did not think it derogatory to their dignity to carry the Boar's-head into the banqueting-hall, as the signal that the feasting and merriment of Christmas had begun. It is even said, by Holinshed, that this office was once performed by a Monarch—King Henry II., at the coronation of his eldest son, Henry, when, according to the custom of that period, the heir to the throne was frequently crowned during his father's lifetime. The young Prince's bride, Marguerite of France, was present on that occasion, which would date to somewhere about the year 1177; and the historian records that this bringing in of the Boar's-head on Christmas Day was, even then, an old custom, though when it arose we have no precise information.

Of the "jovial hunter" of the old ballad, Sir Ryalas, the Lord of Chetwode, we are told that he encountered a wild boar that was devastating the district, and that he "drew his broad-sword with might, and he fairly cut the Boar's head off quite;" for which deed the Saxon king conferred upon him those lands in Buckinghamshire that have been held by his descendants ever since. A Boar's head, garnished with bay-leaves and mounted upon a pole decorated with ribbons, is supplied by the lessee of the tithes of Hornchurch, to be annually wrestled for at Christmas, in a field adjoining the church. The tithes of the parish belong to New College, Oxford.

In heraldry, the Boar's-head was the crest of the Warwicks and Nevilles, and was borne by Richard the Third, for which he was called, by Richmond, the "wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar;" and many similar epithets occur in Shakespeare's play, of which the crook-backed tyrant is the hero. As a tavern sign, the Boar's-head was often seen; that in Eastcheap, London, being of special fame. Prince Hal really frequented the house, and held high revels there; so that our great dramatist had historical foundation for making it the scene of the meetings between the Prince and Falstaff. It is also to be noted that Shakespeare took the burly knight's name from that Sir John Fastolf, of Caistor Castle, Norfolk, who died in 1460, and who made a bequest to Magdalen College, Oxford, of that portion of his London property known as the Boar's Head Inn, Southwark. Dr. Bliss, in his edition of the *Reliquie Hearniane*, says that this property, in 1721, brought in a yearly sum of £150 to the college, and it is not a little curious that it produced exactly the same rent in the year 1830, when it was sub-let to the family of the late Mr. John Timbs, F.S.A. The Boar's Head Tavern, of Falstaff and Prince Hal, is known to have existed in the reign of Richard the Second, and was not destroyed till the year 1831, when it had to be removed, in order to make room for the approaches to London Bridge. Its sign of the Boar's head was carved, in high relief, in stone, with the initials "I.T." and the date "1668," in the right-hand upper corner; and it is preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall.

In Thomas Tusser's poem, setting before us the Christmas dinner of a yeoman of the Elizabethan period, a portion of the good cheer that had to be provided was "Brawn pudding and souse, and good mustard withal." But at the tables of the nobility, in the days of good Queen Bess, although "brawn with mustard, and malmsey," was served at breakfast, the dinner was graced with "a fair and large boar's head, upon a silver platter," borne in with the usual pageantry. The custom was maintained through the two succeeding reigns; but in 1678 it would appear to have been in its decadence, for Aubrey writes—"Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first diet that was brought to table was a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth." In that ballad of a general grumble about existing things—"When this old cap was new," the writer says that, in those halcyon days, "we wanted no brawn or souse." From that period the Boar's head would seem to have played out its leading part at the Christmas dinner, and to have yielded its place to the Baron or Sirloin of Beef; and, although it still makes its appearance on certain tables and on special occasions, such as Mayoral banquets and bridal breakfasts, yet, as the chief dish of the Christmas Day feast, it may be said to have had its day.

But, in connection with the subject, it would be well to bear in mind that Sir Roger de Coverley had a laudable custom at Christmas that might be imitated at the present day. "He had killed," says his historian, "eight fat hogs for that season, had dealt about his chine very liberally amongst his neighbours, and, in particular, he had sent a string of hogs' puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish." Probably, our instructors of youth and members of school boards would banish the pack of cards and draw the line at the hog's puddings. Taking the Boar's-head as a synonym for Christmas cheer and Christmas hospitality, we might do well, at this season, to bear in mind the words of quaint old Fuller, "Hospitality is threefold. For one's family: this is of necessity. For Strangers: this is of courtesy. For the poor: this is charity." CUTHBERT BEDE.

FOLLOW THE DRUM!

A LEAF FROM BURNS'S NOTE-BOOK.

[During one of the many alarms of a French invasion about the close of the last century, a young Scotch lady, whose father was recently dead, donned his coat and hat, and, to the beat of the drum, summoned his clan.—*Dryasdust's Legendary Chronicles.*]

O gin ye will follow the drum
Ise lead ye all forward to battle.
Wha'll wait when a lassie cries "Come?"
Wha'll shrink from the musketry's rattle?
There's the foe, there's the foe at our gate,
And I bid ye make ready to meet him.
He'll start, from a warnin' o' Fate,
Wi' my thunderin' drum as I greet him!

This coat was my father's, ye ken;
This hat, with its flutterin' feather,
Aye waved in the front of his men
As they fought and they conquered together!
Ye are sons of the Scotchmen who bled
For their land wi' the Chieftain that's gone.
'Tis his child that now calls 'you instead':
Can ye fear—when a lass leads you on?—E. R.

ENIGMA.

I am short, and I am long; Light as thistledown, yet strong, Binding hearts in bands of steel With my necromantic seal. Full of joy, of bitterness; Solace oft in dire distress; False and fickle, yet most true; Old as Adam, though bran new. Born to die, yet I in truth Flourish in perpetual youth; Dying at my birth, I live With the vital spark I give; Evermore myself renewing In the bliss of my undoing. Frosty-cold as Charity Is by zanyies said to be,	I'm as warm of heart as she Is in sweet reality. Silent, or I should be so, As the gently-falling snow, Yet far more than words can tell I divulge, by magic spell. Oft at death-beds I am found, And where Christmas games abound. Tenderest pity breathes in me, And for lovers ecstasy; Yes, to them I am, no doubt, "Linked sweetness long drawn out."—J. L.
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REBUS.

My whole is often taken When friendly hands are shaken, 'Tis found in every dwelling, Too often storms foretelling, All colours and all sizes, For use and beauty made, And far and near surprises Await its friendly aid. Subtract the foremost letter, Nought lovelier or better, Exists than what remains A balm for direst pains; When good, best gift below Kind Nature can bestow; Dear both to soul and sense, Of twofold excellence.	Yet vanity's a feature Of this chameleon creature: Into my whole 'twill look As in some much-loved book, And find great delectation In its sweet revelation. One letter less, you'll see Type of stupidity, With which he should be reckoned Who dotes not on my second; And if he should neglect her We'll send for a detector; And let him, on attainment, Be dogged by my remainder, Loud hissing its derision For his accurst misprision.—J. L.
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The tree is a native of tropical America, but is now largely cultivated in other parts of the world. It is an evergreen, and grows to the height of from 14ft. to 18ft. It bears flowers and fruit at all seasons of the year; these grow out of the trunk and thickest part of the boughs. The little yellow flowers are in clusters, and the fruit when ripe is of a beautiful orange colour. As the plant cannot bear the intense heat of a tropical sun, it is shaded by rows of loftier trees, as bananas, or more frequently the erythrina or corallina, called by the Spaniards *madre de cacao*, a tree with superb red blossoms.

The nuts are taken from the pod as soon as collected, and covered with a layer of sand. This causes a fermentation which develops the aroma and takes off the natural bitterness of the nut. They are then spread out to dry in the drying or curing house. This house consists of a strongly built span roof fixed with wheels, running on iron rails laid along a stout framework, which supports a platform, underneath and upon which the cacao beans are dried.

Prior to 1831 the quantity of cocoa annually consumed in England had not reached half a million pounds, whereas it now amounts to over nine millions. Some idea of its preparation will be given by a short account of a visit to Messrs. Cadbury's works, which of late have become widely extended.

Fifteen years ago only about thirty hands were employed. The number now is from three to four hundred. During this time also so many improvements have been made in the arrangements and machinery, that each of the hands employed now turns out on an average double what they did then. This will give some idea of the largely increased consumption of cocoa. The greatest attention is paid in the factory to cleanliness; and in passing through the rooms we noticed that the young women employed were all clad in a kind of uniform of clean brown holland, covering the whole dress. From 9.5 to 9.15 every morning an interesting sight may be witnessed in the factory. The workpeople—men and women—assemble for a short and simple religious service. This daily gathering helps to form a bond of union between the workpeople themselves, as well as between the employers and the employed. Some of the latter, as a choir, conduct the singing; and snatches of the tunes often heard over the work during the day indicate the interest felt in the morning service.

But we must hasten on to describe the interesting process of manufacture. The bags of cocoa, as they arrive from the docks, are stacked up in large piles. They come from different parts of the world—from Trinidad, Grenada, Caraccas, Carupano, Surinam, and even from Africa, and there are a few other choice and special varieties.

These cocoa nuts or beans are carefully sorted, and the unsound ones rejected; they are then placed in rotating cylinders, and subjected to a gentle heat over coke fires, until the full aroma is properly developed. When cooled they are passed to another room, in which machines are arranged for breaking the now crisp, roasted nut into the irregular segments into which the kernel is naturally divided. The next process is to remove the outer husks by means of a powerful blast. The rich glossy kernel that remains is known in the market under the name of Cocoa Nibs. The husk or shell is sent off to Ireland, where it is used as a light, but by no means unpalatable, table decoction, under the designation of "miserables."

The visitor is next conducted into a large room where a long line of stones are working, one over the other, much in the same way as in ordinary flour-mills. Between these the nibs are passed; and, as the stones are heated, the nibs are reduced to a creamy fluid, which flows into pans placed to receive it. When quite cold this will turn out a perfectly firm, hard cake.

Up to this point we have the cocoa in its native condition, with the exception of the acids, &c., thrown off in roasting, and the shell removed by the fan. We now diverge into three distinct branches of manufacture; and as the Cocoa Essence is the product of the firm best known to the public, we shall give it precedence.

There is no sophistication in this article; it is the same cocoa we have seen running from the stones in a creamy fluid, with the excess of cocoa butter removed. The best cocoa contains about fifty per cent of natural cocoa oil or butter, and this has been found to be far too large a proportion for ordinary digestions. Dr. Muter says:—"The only objection which can and does exist to its use in a state of purity is the excessive proportion of fat, which renders it too rich for most digestions, and gives, unfortunately, a colourable excuse for its adulteration."—[ADVT.]

Messrs. Cadbury Brothers have therefore paid great attention to the production of a pure article free from this objection. The removal of two thirds of the butter is accomplished by means of very powerful and complicated machinery, the result being an impalpable powder, soluble in boiling water and possessing the nutritious gluten and stimulating theobromine in an increased ratio; so that Cocoa Essence, perhaps, stands highest among dietetics as a flesh-former and nutritious beverage.

Still there is a demand for cocoa that thickens in the cup; and this comprises the second branch of manufacture to be examined. A given portion of the liquid cocoa is poured into a large steam-heated pan, and weighed with the sugar, arrow-root, &c., which of course differ in kind and quantity, according to the value of the chocolate powder required. Strong iron arms are then set in motion, which so completely levigate the mass that in a few moments it is reduced to a powder. These chocolate powders are sold under the names of Homœopathic, Iceland Moss, Breakfast, &c.

It is a relief, after witnessing these manufacturing processes, to mount into the Packing Department above; for, however interesting the results witnessed below, one grows tired of the incessant noise and clatter of the machinery. In the Packing-Room all is light, cheerful, and orderly. We watch row after row of girls busily engaged. One is weighing, a second is packing and enveloping in cases of bright tinfoil, a third is fastening on the outside labels of the Cocoa Essence and other preparations now so well known all over the world.

The third branch of manufacture yet to be noticed is that of sweet Chocolate for eating and drinking; and here again we have numerous varieties. In the first place, the pure cocoa is incorporated with white sugar in what is called a "mélangeur." This is a round stone basin in which the cocoa and sugar are placed, and which revolves at a great speed, while two heavy stationary rollers bruise the mass until it becomes of about the consistency of dough. From these mélangeurs the mixed substance is at once passed through machines with three granite cylinders which crush it still finer, and in this state it is ready for moulding into the various shapes and sizes for sale.

The best Chocolate is flavoured with vanilla, which is the fruit or seed-pod of one of those beautiful species of the family Orchidaceæ that flourish in tropical America. The stems climb to the height of twenty or thirty feet, twining round the trunks of trees, and throwing out a profusion of aerial roots, some of which eventually reach the ground. It seems specially adapted for flavouring Chocolate, and is used principally for that purpose.

Cocoa carefully selected and prepared in this way certainly forms the most delicious of all beverages or confections. The firm make a special article of this kind, packed in blue wrappers, which may fairly be compared to the famous Chocolate that Prescott describes as forming a part of Montezuma's repast: Chocolate "in golden goblets flavoured with vanilla, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth."

We must not pass from this branch of our subject without a glance at the manufacture of the Chocolate Crèmes. It would take someone more practical than a philosopher to describe the minutiae of this delicious *bonne bouche*. When finished they are transferred to an endless lift, which carries them down into a cellar to cool, and then again they are carried by the same means to the top of the building, where busy hands are placing them in boxes of all sizes.

There is also another extensive manufacture carried on by the firm. As everyone knows, the eye as well as the taste must be gratified in these luxurious times, and therefore success in the sale partly depends upon the beauty and finish of the packages. Many hundreds of thousands of beautiful picture-boxes of all sizes and varied shapes are annually manufactured here. We follow our guide to the top of a large building where the process is going on, and find a number of girls at work. Some are cutting out and stamping the cardboard, and others fitting the boxes together on blocks, wrapping the edges with gold or gelatine paper, and fixing on the top those little gems of art which attract so much attention in our shop windows. Some of this work is carried on at the workpeople's homes; and we are told that it is a most interesting sight to find a large family busily engaged at it from morning to night.

Anything more "tasty" than the artistic designs of these Chocolate boxes, if we except the "tasty" contents, could not well be produced. At Christmas-tide both boxes and crèmes are in universal request; and, unlike "sweets" in general, they are not only harmless but healthful confections.

But we must stay our descriptive pen. We hope enough has been said to throw a little light on what is fast becoming a very important branch of industry in this country.

[ADVT.]

HAND AND HEART.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE FEEDING OF INFANTS.

BY WILLIAM FAUSSETT, M.D., F.R.C.S.I.

READ BEFORE THE SURGICAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

Without presuming to pass any judgment on the many artificial substitutes which, on alleged chemical and scientific principles, have from time to time been pressed forward under the notice of the profession and the public to take the place of mother's milk, I beg to call attention to a very cheap and simple article which is always easily procurable—viz., cocoa—and which, when pure and deprived of excess of fatty matter, may safely be relied on as an admirable basis of infant food. Before entering into certain considerations which the subject demands, I shall simply relate how this substitute for, or at least valuable addition to, milk, when employed as food for infants, first suggested itself to my mind.

About five years ago a very wretched-looking infant, just six weeks old, was brought under my notice in apparently the last stage of extreme exhaustion, its pale and wrinkled features, with somewhat the expression of old age, its shrivelled limbs, its large beseeching eyes and piteous moans telling at once the whole history of its sufferings and wrongs.

Calling to mind just at the moment the fact that young calves and lambs were frequently fed upon cocoa, with very small additions of milk, and reasoning on certain analogies in reference thereto, it occurred to me that it would be a far more feasible and rational experiment to try this plan with the child, than to continue the use of bread and "kettle tea," or to adopt the "arrowroot," or "rusk-biscuit," and "barley-water" method, so much in use in the nurseries of even the more favoured classes. I recommended the use of cocoa, therefore, with as much milk added as could be spared from the small family allowance, which for all purposes amounted to about a pint a day.

To my great gratification the child, who took greedily to this kind of nourishment, supplied from a feeding-bottle, soon improved in health, gradually put up flesh, and became a fine thriving infant. The cocoa was continued through the whole period of infancy, and he is now, at the age of five years, as fine and healthy a child as can be seen.

Shortly after my experience of this case I happened to be consulted about the health of twins (the children of respectable parents), both of whom, but one in particular, were in a declining state of health, evidently, as it appeared to me, from an insufficient supply of proper nourishment. Calling to mind the result of cocoa feeding in the above case, I strongly recommended a trial of it here likewise. At first there appeared to be some distrust and indisposition on the part of the mother to adopt this meagre and unsophisticated sort of diet. As I did not hesitate, however, to urge with confidence its use, it at length got a fair trial, and the result justified my expectations. The twins were after a little time fed almost exclusively upon cocoa, with milk added, and now, at the age of five years, there are not, perhaps, two finer or healthier children in the neighbourhood. In several other instances I have recommended the same mode of feeding, more especially where milk was not to be had in abundance, and uniformly with the same result.

Cocoa in the natural state abounds in a number of valuable nutritious principles; in fact, in every material necessary for the growth, the development, and sustenance of the body. That this useful article has not hitherto been adopted for infant feeding is, perhaps, owing to its not being so palatable to the adult taste as tea, coffee, and other beverages, as well as to the fact that while the unsophisticated shell or husk, which is but the refuse of the bean, is poor in nutritious properties, there happen to be so many adulterated preparations in the market, palmed on the public as genuine cocoa, under different pretentious titles.

A most useful and able *exposé* of these appeared some time ago in the *Medical Press and Circular*; but there are honourable exceptions; and though, of course, it would seem invidious to name any of these to the exclusion of the rest, I may be permitted to mention that Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, which is elaborated on the principle of excluding and detaching the superabundance of concrete oil or fatty matter with which cocoa abounds, is a useful preparation; and there are, no doubt, others equally deserving of confidence.

Besides a volatile aromatic oil, a bitter principle and a peculiar element called theo-bromine, which resembles the theine of tea and the caffeine of coffee, but more nitrogenous in its composition than either, cocoa contains gluten, gum, starch, and other ingredients, as well as the large amount of fat alluded to, and which constitutes rather more than half its weight. This last item being far in excess of what is either palatable or easily digestible, it becomes an object with the chemist, while retaining the other valuable flesh-forming materials, to diminish in part the superabundant fat. Under this excuse, however, the most shameless adulterations have been practised. Sugar, starch, and other inferior substances, and even animal fat, have been introduced into some of the patented compounds—articles which, however useful in their own place, are very poor substitutes for what, at least, the infant stomach more imperiously demands.

The great advantages to be derived from the employment of cocoa in the feeding of infants, especially of the poor, are obvious, for, besides its heat-producing, flesh-forming ingredients, it is cheap, simple, and readily available. A teaspoonful, more or less, of a sound preparation of cocoa to half a pint of fluid, partly water and partly milk, even skimmed milk, when boiled for a minute or two, affords a wholesome meal to a hungry infant, and will, *ceteris paribus*, be thoroughly digested.

I beg, therefore, respectfully to commend cocoa as an article of infants' food to the notice of my professional brethren, especially those who, holding office under the Poor Laws, have such large and extensive opportunities of testing its value.

With the present pampered and artificial tastes of the better classes, it is to be feared that so simple and unsophisticated an article of diet as cocoa would be received by them with small favour for their infants; but, as its nutritious properties are unquestionable, it will, I submit, be an experiment devoid of all risk, in the case of children that are not thriving under more ordinary methods of feeding, to give it a fair trial, premising that some gentle aperient will in such cases be often found a necessary preliminary to clear out the *primæ viæ* of half-digested food previously given.—*Medical Press and Circular*.—.]

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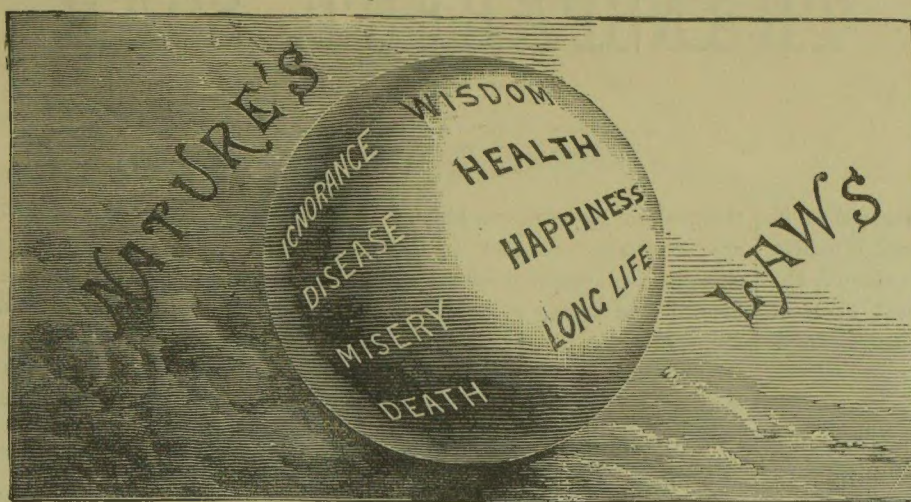
"I have used your FRUIT SALT for many years, and have verified the statement that it is not only refreshing and invigorating, but also invaluable, as giving speedy relief in cases of heartburn, sourness of the stomach, and constipation and its great evils. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world."—B. HURST, Ph.D., Vicar of Collierly, St. Thomas Vicarage, Annfield Plain, Lintz Green, Co. Durham, March, 1878.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT IN AMERICA, INDIA, EGYPT, and the CONTINENT.—IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half a dozen bottles of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. I have tried ENO'S FRUIT SALT in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours, faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878."

ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING; or, How to Enjoy or Cause Good Food to Agree that would otherwise Disorder the Digestive Organs, and cause Biliousness or Sick Headache, Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Constipation and its great evils, Impure Blood, Blood Poisons, Fevers, and Skin Eruptions, and many other disastrous diseases.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

TO PARENTS.—This preparation is invaluable in the nursery as a gentle laxative; it is pleasant to the taste, and much superior to senna or other nauseous drugs; it corrects the ill-effects of over-eating or exhaustion, and is extremely beneficial in any feverishness or heat of the skin. The bowels ought to be kept free by the FRUIT SALT for a month or six weeks after eruptive diseases, as measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, smallpox, and all fevers or infectious diseases, &c.; for its use frees the system of the "drugs." Many disastrous results would be avoided by attending to this.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," without which you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.



PREVENTIBLE DEATH.—THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

Dr. Child, of Oxford, says, "There are certain Diseases which it is a disgrace to the country to allow to exist, such as TYPHUS, TYPHOID, DIPHTHERIA, and SMALLPOX, and these might be eradicated with ordinary sanitary precaution." All should read a large illustrated sheet, given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The information is invaluable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT keeps the blood pure and prevents disease and premature death.

IMPORTANT TO ALL!

Especially to CONSULS, SHIP CAPTAINS, EMIGRANTS, and EUROPEANS generally, who are VISITING OR RESIDING IN HOT OR FOREIGN CLIMATES.

or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases, and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of Fevers, Blood Poisons, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a Family Medicine Chest in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is, in the highest degree, invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

HOW TO CHECK DISEASE AT THE ONSET.

USE

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

After suffering from FEVER FOUR TIMES, in each attack with great severity—in fact, three of them could not have been more dangerous or critical—from a very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of forty years, I am perfectly satisfied the "true cause" of fever is disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison-germ of fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, anyone whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences, and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of fever, who, in fact, are living in the very midst of it, escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of KEEPING THE LIVER IN ORDER CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED; and I have pleasure in directing attention to my FRUIT SALT, which, in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action of the liver, and thus prevent the many DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES: not only as an efficient means of WARDING OFF FEVERS and MALARIOUS DISEASES, but as a REMEDY FOR and PREVENTIVE OF BILIOUS or SICK HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, VOMITING, THIRST, ERRORS OF EATING and DRINKING, SKIN ERUPTIONS, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health was UNIVERSALLY KNOWN, NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT A SUPPLY. ENO'S FRUIT SALT ACTS as a SPECIFIC. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the POISON IS THROWN OFF, and the BLOOD RESTORED TO ITS HEALTHY CONDITION. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, Hatcham Fruit Salt Works, S.E.

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.—USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.



THE SPRING OF HEALTH.

ENO versus SEA SICKNESS.

IMPORTANT TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO TRAVELLERS, SHIP CAPTAINS, EMIGRANTS, and EUROPEANS GENERALLY, who are compelled to make SEA VOYAGES.

HOT COUNTRIES.—ACIDITY OF STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, FEVERS.

"Though unasked by Mr. Eno, or anyone interested in the manufacture of FRUIT SALT, or rather Crystallised Salts of various fruits, I nevertheless take great pleasure in saying that I have personally used this remedy, and know it, not alone to be excellent, but really invaluable. Especially must this be the case in the hot countries of the East, where Acidity of the Stomach, Biliousness, and Fevers are so common.

"J. M. PREBLE, M.D.,

"Author of 'Around the World,' 'Travels in Polynesia, China, India, Arabia, Egypt, &c.'"



ENO versus STIMULANTS.—HOW

TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise, frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the powers of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should ever be without it.

THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST without the Art of Eating. Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. SIMPLE AND POTENT.

PRESERVING AND RESTORING HEALTH.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world; it has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

ENO A BLESSING IN EVERY HOUSE.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—A Lady writes:—"Everything, medicine or food, ceased to act properly for at least three months before I commenced taking it: the little food I could take generally punished me or returned. My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have succumbed before long. To me and our family it has been a great earthly blessing."

ENO'S FRUIT SALT as an Invigorating Beverage (prepared from sound ripe Fruit). It is the best preventive and cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the Effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.

Prepared by J. C. ENO'S Patent at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

OUR "ILLUSTRATED" VISIT TO PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP WORKS.

THE interest displayed nowadays by the public in Sanitation in every form, and the special attention lately given by the press to the subject of the injurious composition of many of the varied kinds of toilet soaps, induces one to think that some description of the manufacture of so important an article of daily consumption would not be without interest to the public. The artist who undertook to make this Illustration applied to Messrs. A. and F. Pears, in London, as at once, perhaps, the oldest established and most eminent makers (they have been manufacturers since 1789) for permission to view their works. He received from them a very courteous introduction to their partner at Isleworth, where in a couple of days he derived much valuable information; but the very varied and extensive character of the processes of manufacture and its accompanying details will admit only of a very short summary at the present moment owing to the limitation of space. On commencing his inspection of Messrs. Pears' large and interesting factories, he was shown vast stores of crude material—fresh, sweet tallows of English gathering only; the brightest and purest oils from Florence and Gallipoli; palm oil of violet odour, grown under "Afric's burning sun;" amber resins from America and France; large casks and iron drums of various chemicals in beautiful crystals, from the leading scientific laboratories of the North of

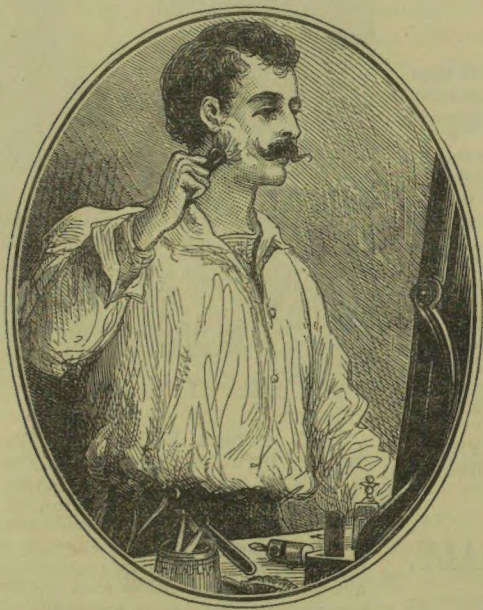
stamped on by hand machines. These pieces of soap are afterwards matured by being placed in heated chambers and turned daily for several months, when it is handed over to the cardboard box making and filling shops, in which female labour is largely employed, and thence to the warehouse and packing shops, whence it is distributed to Railways and Docks for carriage to every part of the civilised world. The importance of the Toilet Soap manufacture of Great Britain may be estimated from



skin, that the most injurious results are observed, and the causes appear to be in the cheap rancid fats used in the composition of the soap, or in the introduction of noxious chemicals for colouring or increasing detergent properties, and very frequently from the ignorant introduction of so-called "remedial agents."

As regards Messrs. Pears's Soap, there is no doubt of the purity of the fats used, for the tallow and oils appear to be good enough to eat; and, indeed, the manager gave evidence of this by tasting samples of the bulk in use. The care displayed in their subsequent manufacture must be seen to be appreciated; and certain it is and manifest to all that the completed article, so well known as Pears's Transparent Soap, is in appearance almost as tempting as candy or chocolate, and the makers may well claim for it, as they do, excellence for its purity, its fragrance, and its durability.

Messrs. Pears appear to be endowed with considerable originality, which is evinced as much in the tasteful printing accompanying their goods and in their advertisements as in their manufactures. The humorous placard so well known in London of the little "nigger" whose complexion has derived so much benefit from a trial of their famous soap is without doubt the best essay of the kind, no fewer than ten different lithographic stones being employed in its production. Again, the well-known statuette in plaster of "You dirty boy!" at the Paris Exhibition is



the fact that representatives of Messrs. Pears personally visit not only the chief towns of Great Britain, but those of almost every quarter of the globe—in Europe, from Seville in the west, through France, Belgium, and Holland, to St. Petersburg in the east; in Canada, from Quebec to Hamilton; in the United States, from New York to San Francisco; in South America, the chief cities on the eastern and western coasts; in India, from Bombay, across country and round the coast to Calcutta; in Australia, from Swan River, through Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, to Brisbane; in New Zealand, from Wellington to Dunedin; and in China, to Shanghai and Hong-Kong. In most other parts special agencies only are organised; for Messrs. Pears declare, as the result of practical experience, that the Latin races generally use but little soap. The reputation of Messrs. Pears is well known to the public. Their pure and excellently prepared manufactures are exhibited with great taste in the windows of most of our leading chemists, in beautifully-cut glass dishes and vases, and hence of the merits of their manufacture we need say but little. Probably the greatest compliment ever paid to a soap manufacturer they received from no less eminent an authority than Mr. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., who has specially written, in one of his works on the skin, "Pears, a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and Pears's transparent soap, one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms to the skin." A valuable recommendation indeed for Messrs. Pears, but not less valuable to the public, for nothing is more important amongst our daily wants than a properly manufactured toilet soap; for whilst from the use of a good one our skin and complexion admittedly derive and maintain health and beauty and every possible advantage, nothing is more harmful than the common strongly alkaline and coloured preparations frequently met with under the name of toilet soap, as is testified by the experience of our dermatologists at the leading institutions for the skin, at one of which, it is affirmed by the senior surgeon, they have had about *four hundred cases of skin trouble owing their origin to improper toilet soaps alone*, an experience about to be recorded in the public service. It is amongst infant children, ladies, and those generally with a fine, sensitive



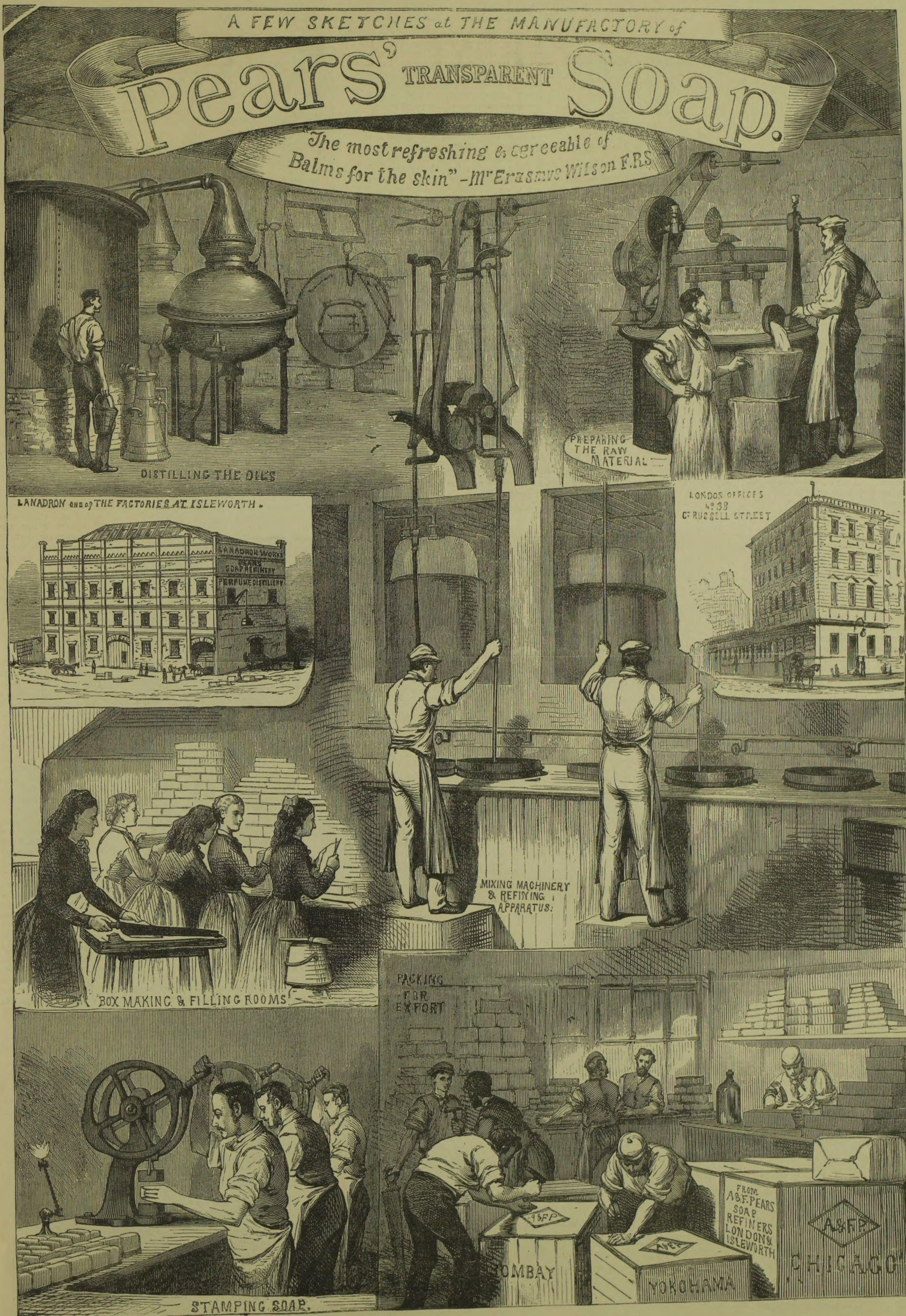
England and from Germany; rare and musk in foreign-looking packages from the East, from India, China, and Ceylon; delicate essences of the sweetest flowers from the Italian Alps, and the precious attar of roses from the Balkan mountains and from Persia; and sandal-wood from Bombay and West Australia. Indeed, not only have contributions been levied from every land, but the sea itself has been brought under contribution to this manufacture in its salts as well as in ambergris from the sperm whale.

The fats and oils having been selected in certain proportions are first intimately mixed by machinery driven by an enormous steam-engine; the requisite chemical ingredients then being added from time to time, the whole is subjected to several days' boiling and stirring in pans each holding many tons, and supplied with steam by three immense boilers. This raw soap is transferred into smaller pans, where it is clarified and all impurities precipitated by a series of chemical processes, the inventions and patents of Messrs. Pears. The previously distilled and mixed perfumes are now added, and, whilst in a molten state, the product is poured into large frames and permitted to cool. It is then cut up and moulded into different shapes and sizes convenient for washing and shaving purposes, the soap balls being turned in a lathe as with billiard balls; the name of the firm is then

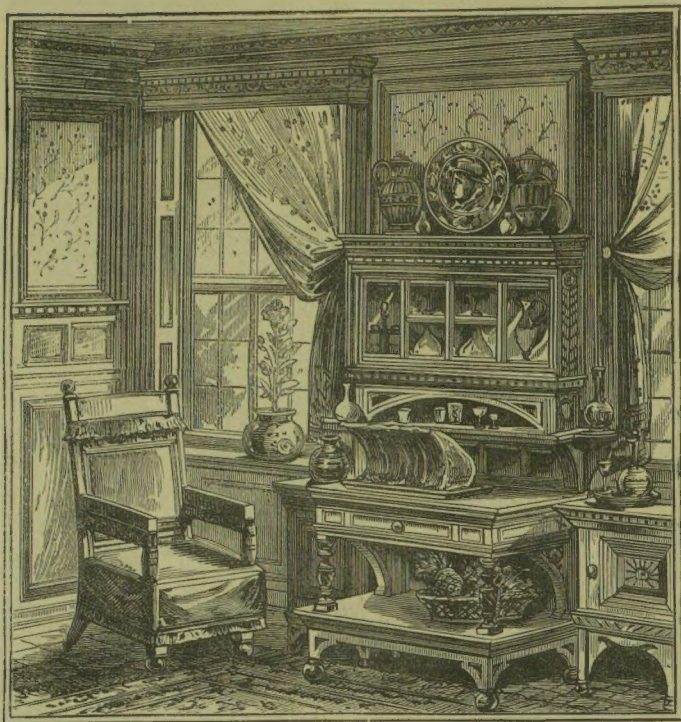
a commission in the marble from Messrs. A. and F. Pears to the eminent sculptor Signor Focardi, at a cost of £500, simply as an attraction for their retail dépôt in London, next to the British Museum, and *not for their trade-mark*, as has been erroneously stated by the press, Messrs. Pears indignantly and emphatically repudiating the idea of their elegant specialité being for boys of that stamp.

It may be observed that during the three generations—ninety years—that their Manufactory has been established they have received the highest and most distinctive patronage for their specialité from most of the Royal Families in Europe; and on the occasion of the visit to India of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales they received instructions from the Lords of the Admiralty to furnish H.M.S. Serapis with their Transparent Soap for the use of H.R.H. and suite, it being particularly adapted to hot climates. At Exhibitions they have been ever in the foremost rank, from and inclusive of the first, in 1851, down to the present in Paris.

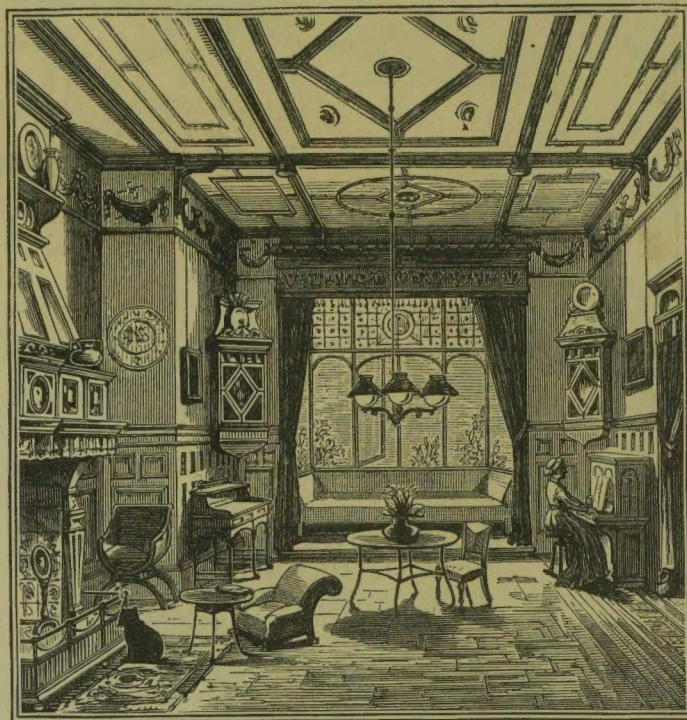
For the writer to add any commendation to that of Mr. Erasmus Wilson would be "to gild refined gold." It is to be regretted that the limited space here will not admit, either in description or illustration, of that amplification which is merited by so important and extensive a manufacture. The few accompanying sketches may, it is thought, prove instructive and interesting.



MESSRS. HOWARD AND SONS' FURNITURE.



the specialties of this firm. Above it rise the wood-panelled walls, with finely carved dados, and carved cornices, while, over all, curiously inlaid ceilings of wood complete the artistic *tout ensemble*. Chairs of various patterns are scattered about; and here it should be noted that these may be had in any style, whether it be desired to have reproduced the delicate designs of Chippendale or his successor, Sheraton, whose drawings for "sophas, bureaux, cloaths-chests, and china-cases," show that his ideas of art were admirable. In fact, the method of manufacture used by Messrs. Howard lends itself readily to the reproduction of all that is best in the furniture of the Jacobean and Stuart times; while the soberer Gothic models may also be followed, or the fancy can revel in copies of the more florid work of Dutch and French artists, and marquetry after the fashion of that produced by the great *ébéniste* Riesener and others of his school. At their galleries may be seen specimens of ceilings, panels, doors veneered and solid, dados, floors, chimneypieces, book-cases, and, in fact, all possible varieties of artistic and ornamental woodwork. Here, too, are arm-chairs, sofas, settees, dining-room, drawing-room, and library chairs, lounges, hall chairs, dining-tables, sideboards, occasional tables, book-cases, and



Among the many firms who have done good service in promoting art at home none stands out more pre-eminently than the well-known house of Howard and Sons, of Berners-street, whose exquisitely appointed chimney fittings and dining-room furniture were one of the chief attractions of the Paris Exhibition. All who have the slightest pretensions to good taste desire to possess artistic furniture; and yet it is not within the means of many people who would gladly see their surroundings thus improved if it were possible. The furniture, however, of Messrs. Howard and Sons possesses an especial claim upon attention, seeing that it is all made by machinery; thus the cost of production is considerably lessened, and it can therefore be offered at prices which are certainly surprising when we consider the sound and careful workmanship of the various articles. It must be understood, also, that this is not accomplished with any loss of the artistic merits of the furniture. Here we have, as the reader will see from the illustrations, admirable designs in antique and modern styles, carried out to perfection; and, indeed, this method of manufacture lends itself to the production of an infinite variety of conceptions, and gives full play to the genius of the artist.

As may readily be imagined, the machinery employed to bring about such results is alike curious and interesting, and we have here depicted, therefore, the moulding, planing, and tenon-cutting machines of the firm, as seen in the workshops.

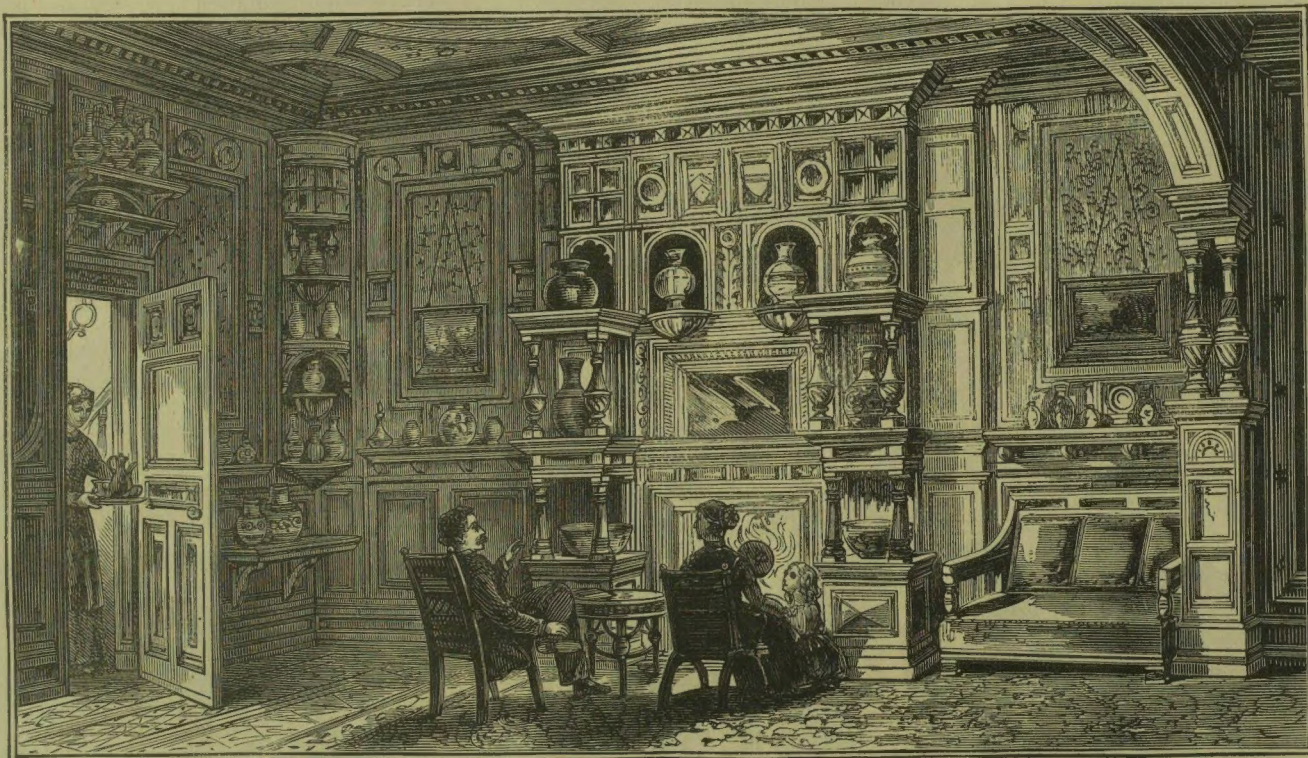
The reader will be able to judge of the kind of work produced by these ingenious machines by looking at the engravings of three rooms fitted up by Messrs. Howard and Sons. There he will see first the beautiful parqueterie flooring, which is one of

cabinets of every conceivable form and admirable design; in fact, in such an *embarras de richesses* the only difficulty is how to make a selection from so many beautiful pieces of furniture. Here also are mirrors framed in different kinds of wood, chandeliers, fire-baskets with ornamental braziers and andirons of antique pattern; tiles, which may be had of various designs or in plain colours; and ironwork, after

decorated walls, stained-glass windows, and specimens of the ceramic art of China and Japan, as well as of our own country.

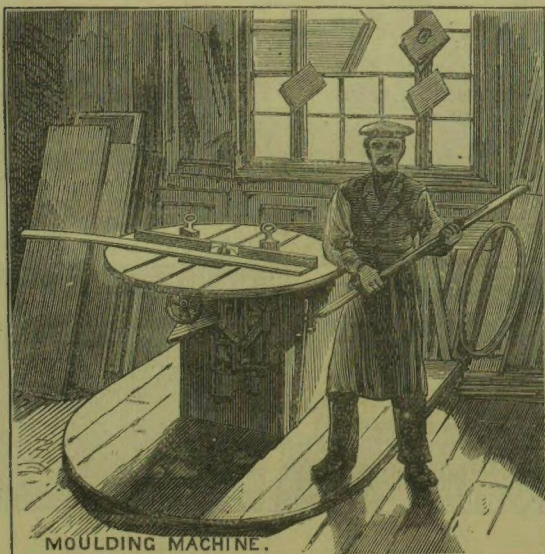
It cannot be wondered at, then, if Messrs. Howard and Sons have been extensively patronised. Their list of customers is headed by Royalty itself. Among the principal patrons of Messrs. Howard and Sons is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. There is, for instance, a beautiful design for a morning-room executed at Marlborough House, with the special arrangement of shelf above alluded to, and a picture inserted as a panel, which has an admirable effect. A quaintly panelled study, designed for his Royal Highness, was also carried out, much to his satisfaction, together with other works.

It may be noted, further, that Messrs. Howard and Sons mounted and arranged the various pieces of plate, &c., presented to his Royal Highness at Sandringham House, and the work is the theme of universal admiration. The firm have also done work for his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, panelling and fitting up more than one room at Clarence House in most artistic style, and mounting for the Duke the many trophies of arms, &c., he brought with him from India and other places. There is also shown a beautiful *carton pierre* ceiling in

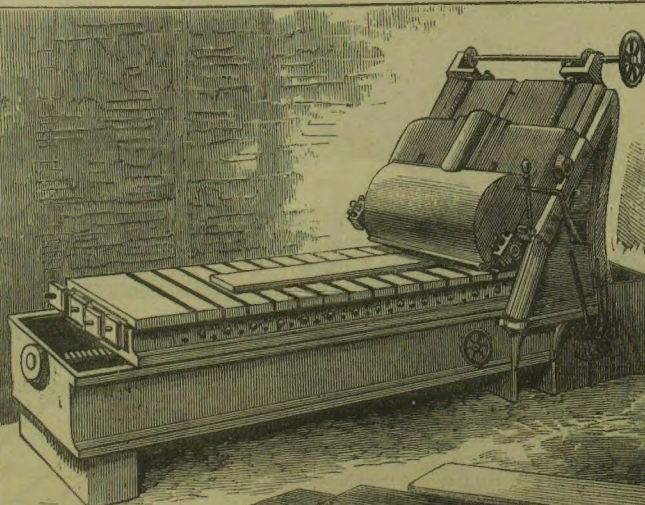


the fashion of those days when every turn and scroll had some artistic meaning in it. Here, again, are carpets from the looms of Persia and of Turkey, as well as from the best houses in England and France; and we may note that the "brave Turkey carpet," of which Pepys speaks so enthusiastically, still holds its own against many rivals. Rugs and *portières*, curtains and brocades, velvet, damask, and beautifully designed wall papers confront us everywhere, set off by exquisitely

the Adams style, executed for Earl Cowper at Panshanger Park; a Watteau room, designed for Lady Charles Beresford; some beautiful wainscoting and other work made of old oak, put together and arranged for Lord Francis Cecil; and a beautifully appointed library, arranged and carried out for the Right Hon. the Earl of Carysfort. The object this firm has always in view is to produce goods of real merit suitable for the occupants of a small country residence or a palace.



MOULDING MACHINE.



PLANING



TENON CUTTING